

November

# BLUE BOLT

10¢  
15¢  
IN CANADA  
MAY 1940

BLUE  
BOLT

STAR AIR LINES

Nerves steeled, Dick Cole edged toward the door of the plane.

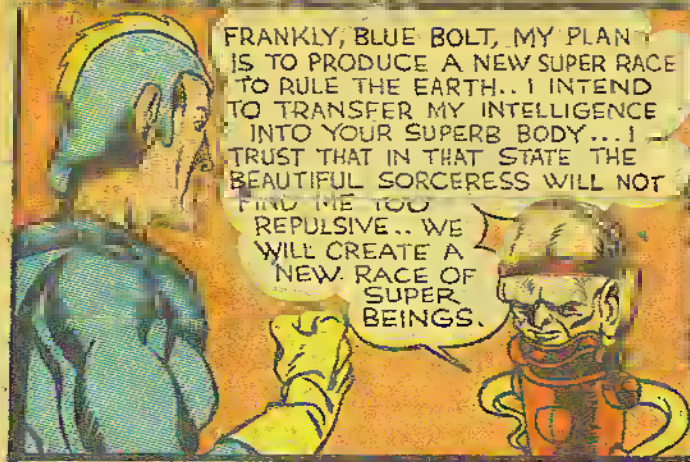
Featuring:  
**BLUE BOLT**  
SUB-ZERO MAN  
SERGEANT SPOOK  
DICK COLE

Vol. 1—No. 6



## A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.





FRANKLY, BLUE BOLT, MY PLAN IS TO PRODUCE A NEW SUPER RACE TO RULE THE EARTH... I INTEND TO TRANSFER MY INTELLIGENCE INTO YOUR SUPERB BODY... I TRUST THAT IN THAT STATE THE BEAUTIFUL SORCERESS WILL NOT FIND ME TOO REPULSIVE... WE WILL CREATE A NEW RACE OF SUPER BEINGS.



WHY YOU LITTLE--

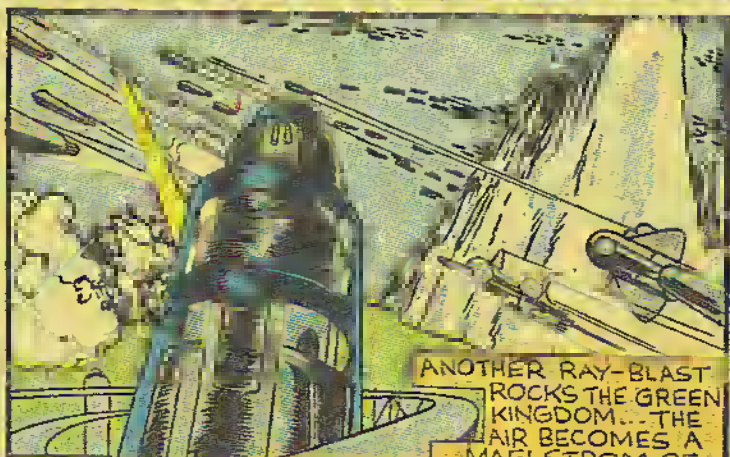
WITH THE AID OF MY SUPERIOR KNOWLEDGE, I WILL EASILY SUBJUGATE THE PRESENT INFERIOR RACES TO SERVE AS SLAVES OF THEIR NEW MASTERS.



SUDDENLY--  
A TREMOR PRECEDED BY AN EAR SHATTERING



IT'S BERTOFF AND THE BOMBERS!  
BLAST THAT GUN, BOYS!



ANOTHER RAY-BLAST ROCKS THE GREEN KINGDOM... THE AIR BECOMES A MAELSTROM OF

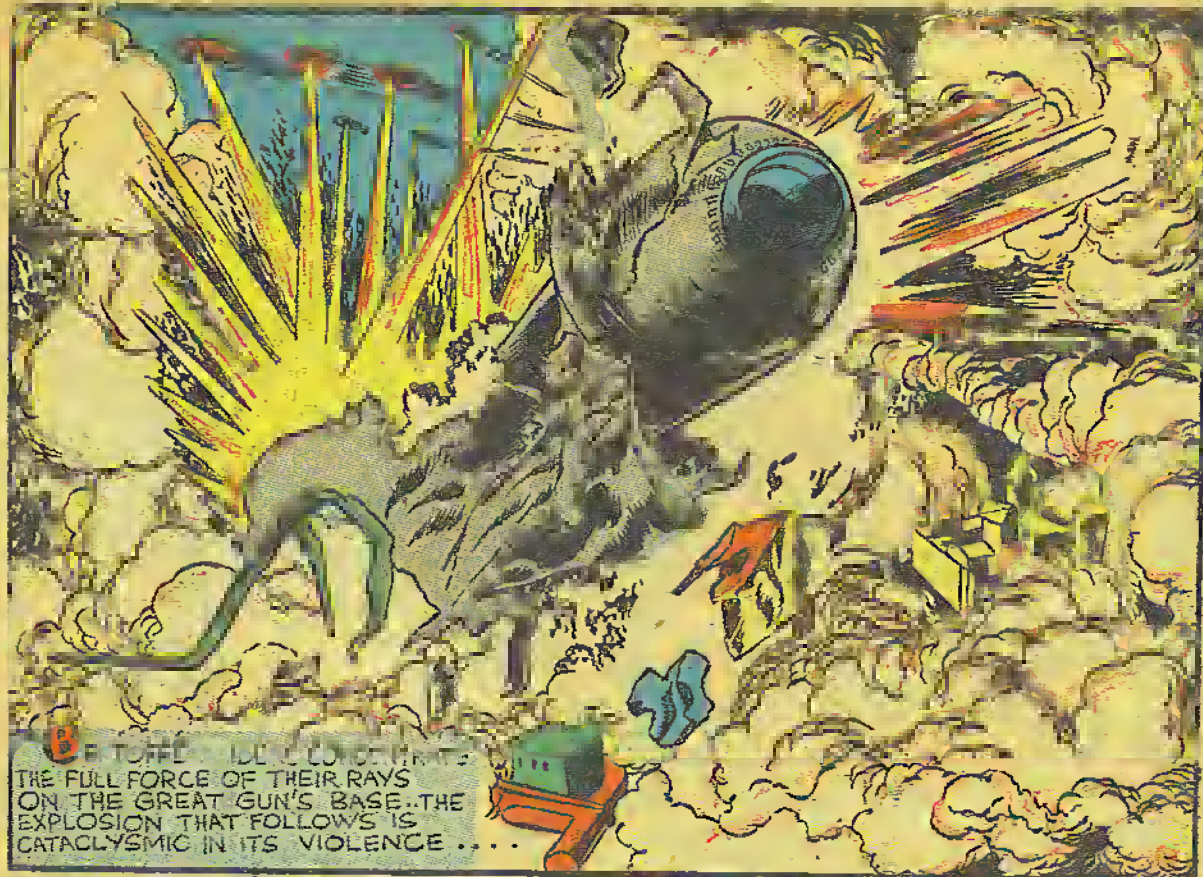
TWISTING, DIVING ROCKETS... BLUE BOLT'S AIR ARMADA THUNDERS THROUGH THE WALL OF THE DEFENDING GREEN SQUADRONS, DETERMINED TO DESTROY THEIR OBJECTIVE-- THE GIGANTIC FORCE CANNON .....

MEANWHILE SEATED AT THE CONTROL OF HIS ROCKETS BERTOFF SNAPS CRISP ORDERS TO HIS ATTACKING BOMBERS..



RESUME ATTACK IN FORMATION SIX! CONCENTRATE FIRE ON GUN'S BASE!





BE TUFFE... THE FULL FORCE OF THEIR RAYS ON THE GREAT GUN'S BASE... THE EXPLOSION THAT FOLLOWS IS CATAclySMIC IN ITS VIOLENCE....



SHIELDING THE UNCONSCIOUS SORCERESS BLUE BOLT IS BURIED IN AN AVALANCHE OF TUMBLING STONE AND STEEL AS THE PROUD GREEN CITY IS LEVELLED TO THE GROUND BY THE BLAST'S EARTH-SHAKING CONCUSSION..



THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THIS FEAT HAS REQUIRED ALMOST ALL OF BLUE BOLT'S POWER... OBLIVION OVERTAKES HIM.

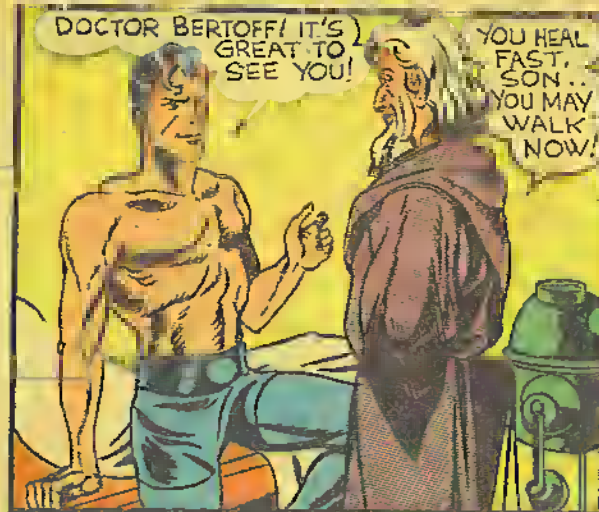


BLUE BOLT'S SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH ENABLES HIM TO SURVIVE THE PRESSURE OF THE TONS OF DEBRIS THAT BURY HIM, AND DIG HIS WAY TO THE SMOKING SURFACE, STILL CLUTCHING THE SORCERESS' INERT FORM...



THE GLARE OF BERTOUFF'S VITAL REFLECTORS STIRS HIM FROM HIS COMA.





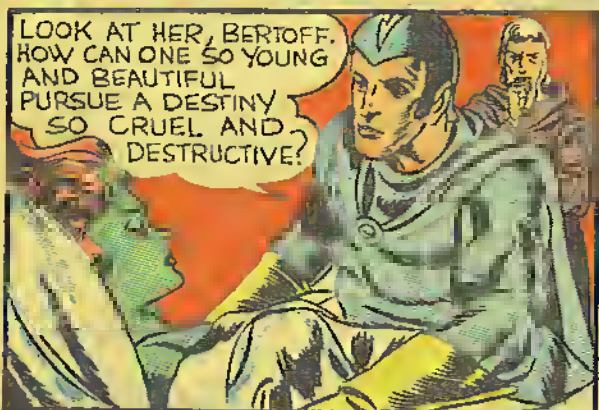
DOCTOR BERTO! IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU!

YOU HEAL FAST, SON... YOU MAY WALK NOW!

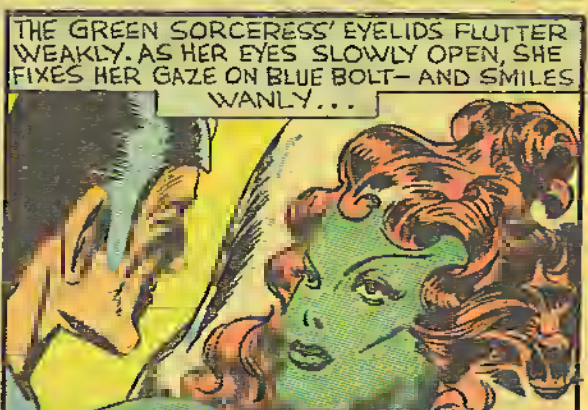


OUR EVIL FRIEND WILL RECOVER TOO!

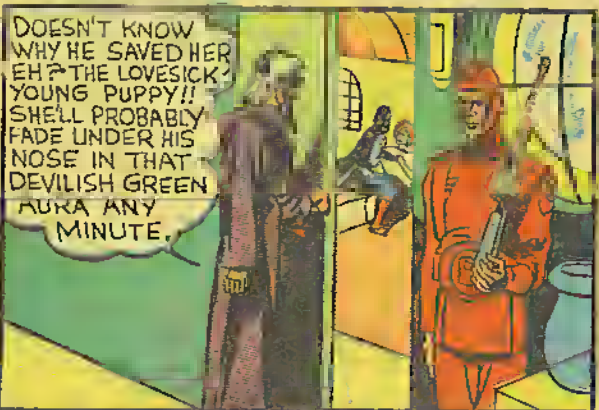
SHE MIGHT HAVE SUFFERED MARTO'S FATE IF I HADN'T SHIELDED HER... YET I DID SHIELD HER, BERTO! - OUR MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY!



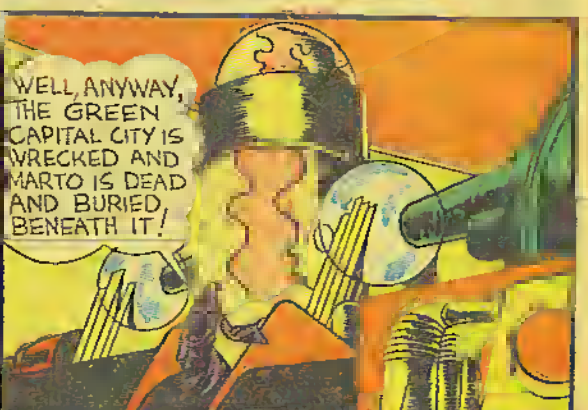
LOOK AT HER, BERTO! HOW CAN ONE SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL PURSUE A DESTINY SO CRUEL AND DESTRUCTIVE?



THE GREEN SORCESS' EYELIDS FLUTTER WEAKLY. AS HER EYES SLOWLY OPEN, SHE FIXES HER GAZE ON BLUE BOLT - AND SMILES WANLY...



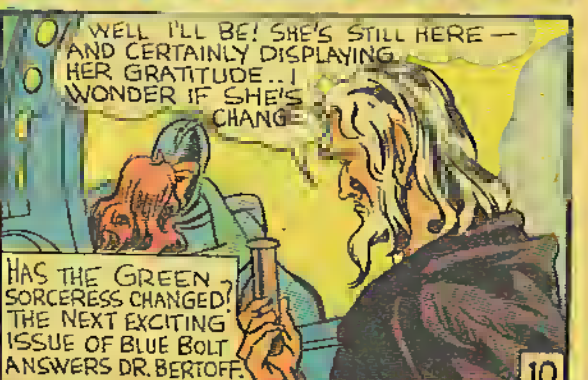
DOESN'T KNOW WHY HE SAVED HER EH? THE LOVESICK YOUNG PUPPY!! SHE'LL PROBABLY FADE UNDER HIS NOSE IN THAT DEVILISH GREEN HURA ANY MINUTE.



WELL, ANYWAY, THE GREEN CAPITAL CITY IS WRECKED AND MARTO IS DEAD AND BURIED BENEATH IT!



IT WILL BE QUITE SOME TIME BEFORE THE GREEN ARMY WILL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO ATTACK US... UNTIL THEN I CAN RESUME MY RESEARCH!



WELL, I'LL BE! SHE'S STILL HERE - AND CERTAINLY DISPLAYING HER GRATITUDE... I WONDER IF SHE'S CHANGED.

HAS THE GREEN SORCESS CHANGED? THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT ANSWERS DR. BERTO!

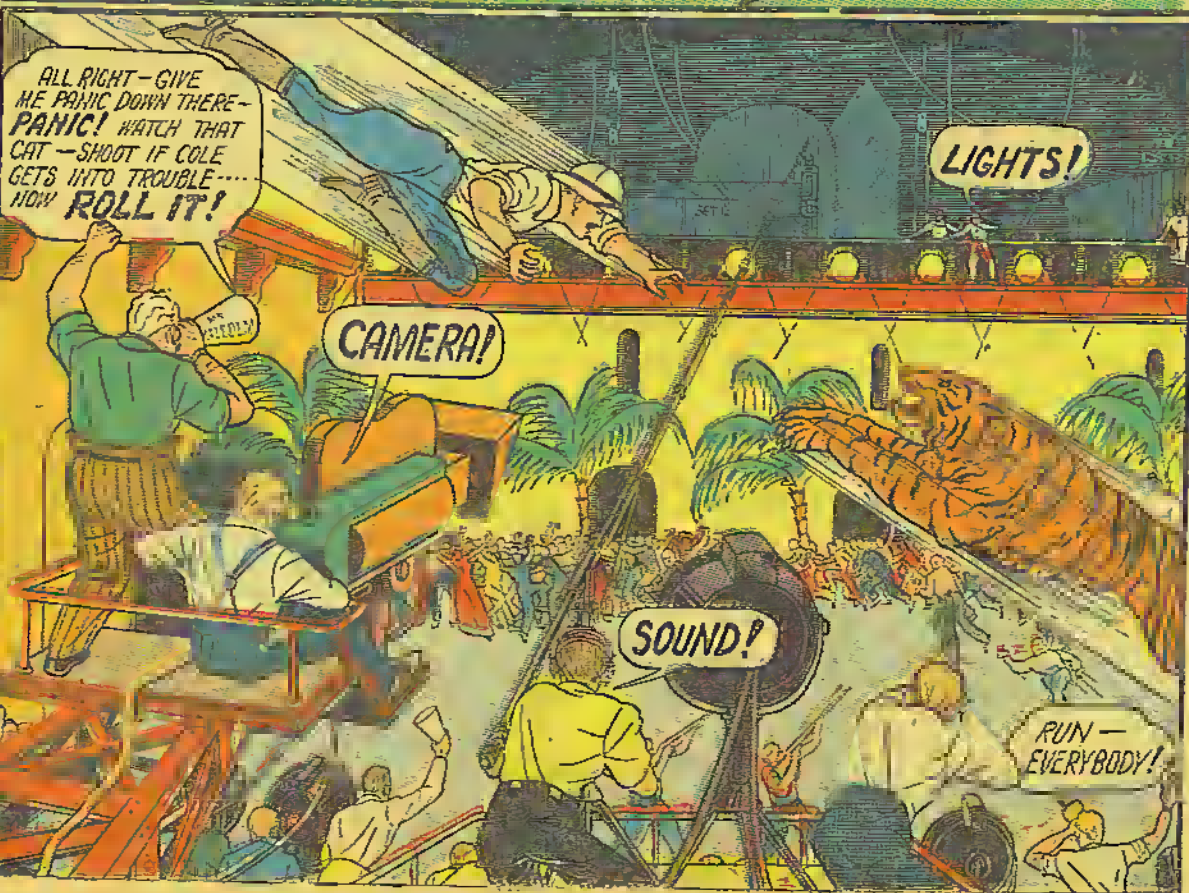


# DICK COLE

WONDER — BOY

By Bob Davis

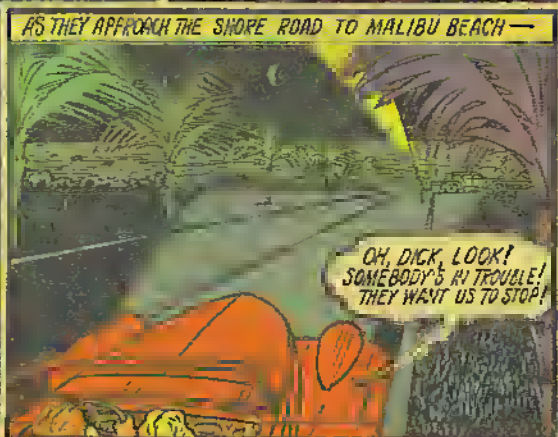
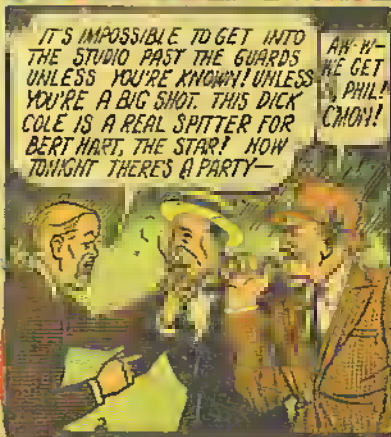
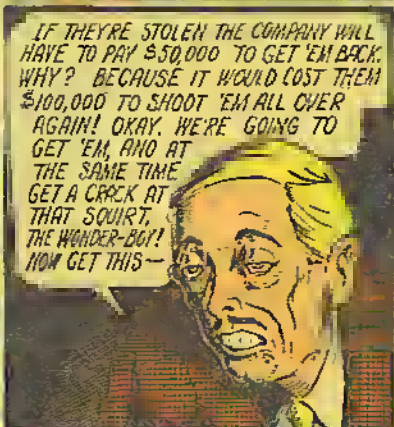
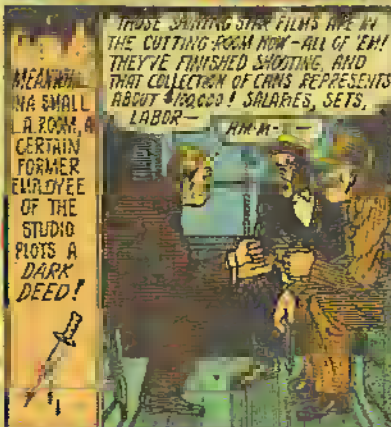
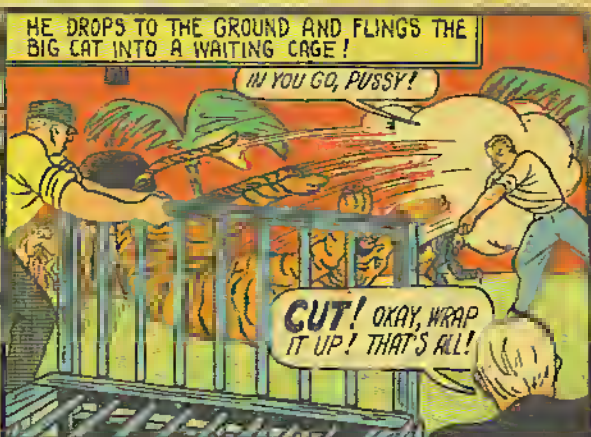
DICK IS IN HOLLYWOOD AT UNITED STUDIOS, ACTING AS A STUNT MAN AND DOUBLE FOR THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, BERT HART...FOR WEEKS THEY HAVE BEEN SHOOTING THE PICTURE, 'SHINING STAR,' AND NOW THEY ARE JUST ABOUT TO COMPLETE IT. THE GREAT SOUND STAGE IS SET, AND 'DICK' IS FLYING INTO THE FINAL ACTION SHOT.







WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT, DICK MEETS THE TIGER IN MID-AIR!





DICK SLOWS TO A STOP ...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HEY, THERE—CAN YOU GIVE—  
OKAY, GANG, IT'S COLE!

...THEN, SENSING DANGER, LURCHES AHEAD AGAIN ...

STOP 'EM!

HEY!

NO-O-YOU DON'T!

JUMP INTO OUR CAR! CHASE 'EM!

IT'S THAT AWFUL  
FAL CARP, DICK!  
I SAW HIM!

BANG!

THE RAT! I SHOULD HAVE PRESSED  
THOSE OLD CHARGES  
AGAINST HIM—WOW!  
THERE GOES A TIRE!

WE'LL HAVE  
TO JUMP!

HERE WE GO!

LUCKILY A CLUMP  
OF BUSHES BREAKS  
THEIR FALL

**CRASH!**

OUT OF CONTROL,  
THE SPEEDING  
CAR PLUNGES  
WILDLY OVER  
THE CLIFF!

ALL RIGHT NOW, WONDER-BOY—GET UP  
THERE! AND ONE SQUAWK OR  
FAST MOVE FROM YOU, AND  
BETTY LEE GETS IT—  
UNDERSTAND?

COME  
ALONG,  
TOOTS!

CARP AND HIS EVIL  
CRONIES LEAP DOWN  
THE CLIFF TO GAIN  
THEIR ADVANTAGE  
HOME ...

AN-H-H!

GET HIM!

BELT  
HIM!

SOCK!

STUNNED FROM THE FALL, DICK IS  
UNABLE TO RESIST THEIR VICIOUS ASSAULT!



BACK ON THE ROAD, CARP PRODUCES  
A STUDIO MAKEUP PENCIL —

OKAY, PUGGO, KEEP  
THIS CUTIE COVERED  
WHILE I DO A LITTLE  
ART WORK ON HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU  
TIN-HORN CROOKS  
TRYING TO PULL?

I GOT HIM  
COVERED, CARP!

UP YOU  
GO, SIR!

—AND DEFTLY PAINTS A MUSTACHE ON  
DICK'S UPPER LIP ...

THERE WE ARE —  
NOW YOU LOOK JUST  
LIKE MR. BERT HART!

GET IN THE  
CAR, AND  
WE'LL  
START!

START FOR  
WHERE?

WE'RE GOING BACK  
INTO TOWN, WONDER-BOY, AND  
YOU ARE GOING TO GET US  
INTO UNITED STUDIOS!

THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
THINK,  
CARP!

SHALL I  
CHOKE  
THE BABY  
A LITTLE,  
CARP?

EITHER YOU PRETEND YOU'RE  
HART, GET US PAST THE GUARDS  
AND INSIDE, OR WE CUT BETTY  
UP IN LITTLE PIECES! NOW—  
WHICH IS IT?

OH-H-!

YOU ROTTEN  
DOG!

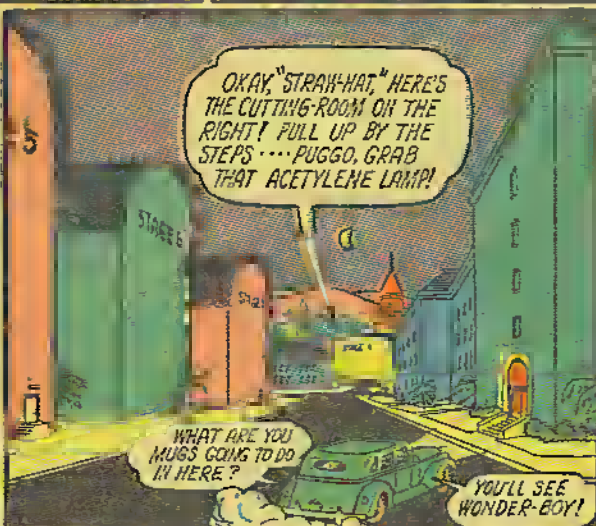
WHICH IS IT? WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

OKAY—YOU GET IN! BUT—

AT THE  
GATES  
STRAW-HAT  
HARRY'S  
GUN-PRODS  
DICK UP  
TO THE  
STUDIO  
GUARDS.

EVENING, MR. HART  
WANT TO COME IN?

YES—



A BLAST FROM THE  
POWERFUL TORCH RUNS  
THE DOOR LOCK.

TURN LEFT, PUGGO,  
AND GET THE LIGHT  
IN THE NEXT ROOM!  
AND NO TRICKS, COLE!

I GET THE DRIFT  
NOW...YOU'RE GOING  
TO SWIPE THE 'SHINING  
STAR' SHOOTINGS....  
YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY!

IN THE CUTTING ROOM—

18-19-20-  
DICK!  
WE GOT 'EM!

DRY UP YOU!  
YOU'RE STAYING  
WITH US!

GO AHEAD! GET  
IN THAT ROOM, NOW,  
BEFORE I PLUG  
YOU—AND BE  
THANKFUL YOU'RE  
ALIVE!

IF YOU HARM  
THAT GIRL, CARP,  
SO HELP ME,  
I'LL CHASE  
YOU TO BORKED!

GET IN  
THERE!



LOCKED INSIDE THE AUTOJUNG ROOM, DICK SNAPS HIS BONDS, AND LISTENS —

AS THE OTHERS LEAVE, DICK FINDS A LIGHT —

HUH! A DYNAMO ROOM! NO WINDOWS, DOORS—IT'S LIKE A VAULT!

MEANWHILE, THE GUARDS HAVE BECOME SUSPICIOUS — I THOUGHT THAT WASN'T HARRY'S CAR —

ARE THEY COME NOW — HEY! STOP!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUTTA HERE — AND FAST!

OKAY—YOU GOT 'EM ALL? GET GOING! WE'LL GRAB A STUDIO PLANE AND BEAT IT FOR THE DECK!

GET MOVING, TOOTS!

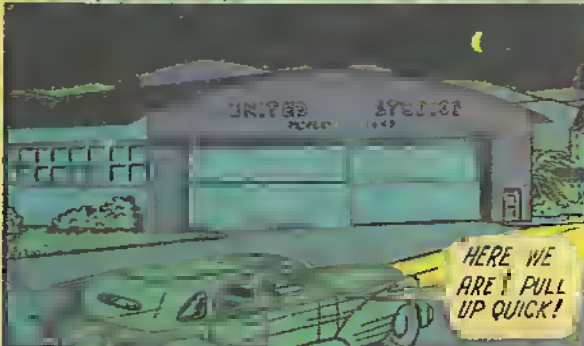
SNAP!

OH-H-H-?

UH-H-H-!

PANG! PANG!

GET OUTTA THE WAY, FLATFOOT! ... HEAD FOR THE BACKLOT, STRAW-HAT — THE STUDIO HANGER!

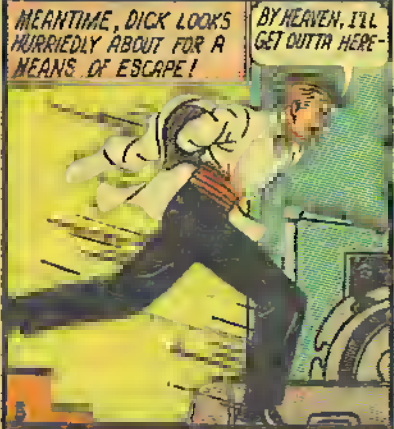


HERE WE ARE! PULL UP QUICK!



HURRY IT UP!

THOSE SHOTS MAY START AN ALARM!



BY HEAVEN, I'LL GET OUTTA HERE—



HE ATTACKS A FLY-WHEEL WITH A HUGE WRENCH—



IT REQUIRES ALMOST ALL OF DICK'S SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH TO LIFT IT INTO THE AIR..



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, HE FLINGS THE GIANT WHEEL AT THE WALL, CRASHING A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH IT!



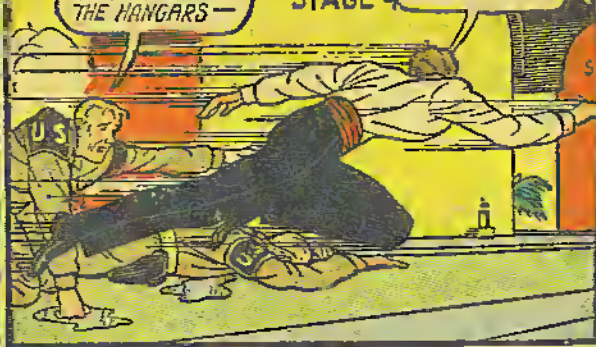
OUT!

HE LEAPS THROUGH THE GAP AND RACES DOWN THE STUDIO STREET.

THAT WAY — THE HANGARS —

STAGE

OKAY — GET TO A PHONE! CALL THE POLICE!



AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF, IT BECOMES OBVIOUS THAT IT WILL BARELY MISS A BUILDING AT THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FIELD ....

I'VE GOT TO GET UP ON THAT ROOF!



THE GUARD, REACHING THE GATE PHONE, FRANTICALLY CALLS THE POLICE ....

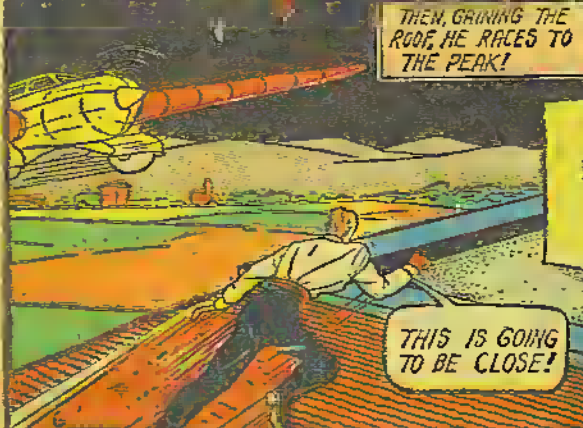
UNITED STUDIOS — ROBBERY — A SHOOTING — HURRY!



BRINGING SUPER-POWER INTO PLAY, DICK BOUNDS UP ONTO A BALCONY —



THEN, GAINING THE ROOF, HE RACES TO THE PEAK!



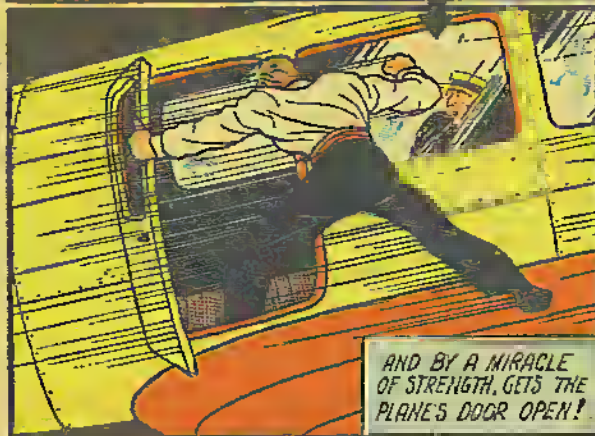
THIS IS GOING TO BE CLOSE!



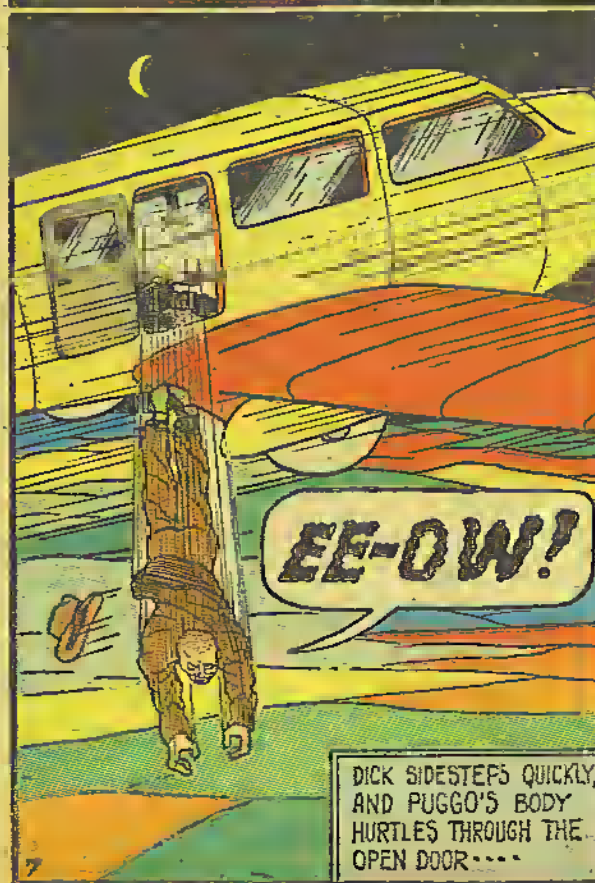
ONE MORE DESPERATE LUNGE — TO THE PLANE'S UNDER-CARRIAGE



STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, DICK SLOWLY  
CRAWLS UP ONTO THE WING ....



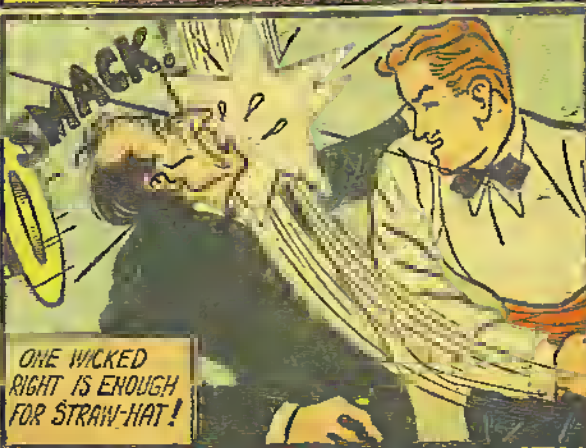
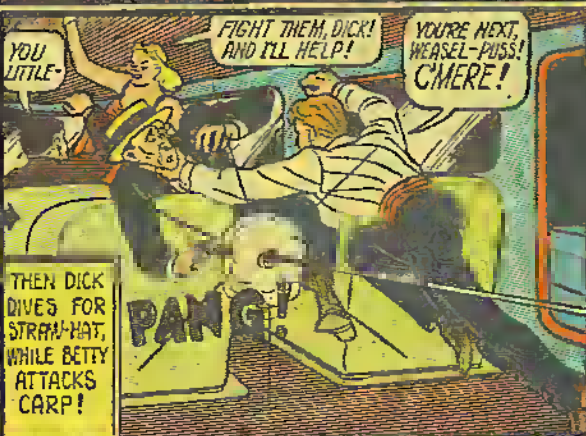
AND BY A MIRACLE  
OF STRENGTH, GETS THE  
PLANE'S DOOR OPEN!



DICK SIDESTEPS QUICKLY,  
AND PUGGO'S BODY  
HURTLES THROUGH THE  
OPEN DOOR ....

AS DICK ENTERS THE PLANE,  
PUGGO-THE-MUG MAKES A  
WILD LUNGE FOR HIM —

GET HIM!





# YE EDITORS' PAGE

**\$1.00 SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT \$1.00**  
**FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED**

Dear Reader:

Since **BLUE BOLT COMICS** is expressly published for your entertainment, it is the Editors' wish that you too be permitted to help us always keep **BLUE BOLT** one of the best magazines on the market. You can help us by becoming a **BLUE BOLT "Associate Editor"**.

How can you become an "Associate Editor"? Simply by writing to **BLUE BOLT** and telling us very frankly just what you like and just what you don't like about the magazine. Brickbats are as welcome as bouquets if they help us to make **BLUE BOLT** a better magazine for you.

Each month on this page we will publish several of what the Editors believe to be the best letters received from reader "Associate Editors". In addition **BLUE BOLT** will mail a check for \$1.00 to the writers of each letter published.

Take your pen and start writing now. Write plainly, print your name and home address, and send your letters to **BLUE BOLT, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Cordially Yours,  
The Editors

**HERE ARE TWO LETTERS TYPICAL OF WHAT WE MEAN. DO YOU  
AGREE WITH THEM? IF NOT, WRITE US WHAT YOU THINK.**

**Why I Read Blue Bolt Magazine:**

It's young America's favorite comic  
A thriller through and through,  
A solid hour of adventure  
With Characters different and new.  
A million kids throughout the land,  
From North, East, South, and West  
Give their decree — they all agree  
That **BLUE BOLT** is the best.

Betty Jane Johnson  
St. Paul, Minn.

—(These are words we like to hear,  
A pat on the back and a hearty cheer  
For the magazine, Betty, never fear  
We'll strive to make better year by year.)

—Ed.

Zero from becoming a boon to mankind. There are too many characters along those lines. The kids are tired of them. So keep Sub-Zero as a malefactor if you want to hold the readers' interest.

In my opinion your second best feature is Dick Cole. This strip is striking for its unusual detail, freshness and natural dialogue. It has a vigor usually lacking in comic strips. My only criticism of it is there are possibly too many frames per page. I prefer eight or nine.

I believe that you, as the editor, desire sincerely to know what is also wrong with your publication. I dislike your main feature, "BLUE BOLT". It's not terribly bad, but it's been done before. There are at least five heroes that use electricity as a weapon.

I think that the average editor underestimates the age of the readers; so don't be too surprised at my age, seventeen. I have friends eighteen and nineteen of good intelligence who get a big kick out of reading the comics.

Yours truly,  
Gerard Wilson  
New York, New York

Dear Editors:

Undoubtedly your best feature is Sub-Zero Man. This serial combines good artwork with an absolutely new idea. The situations are handled with suspense and sufficient action to satisfy the most avid. Try to keep Sub-

—(Thank you Gerard. Your criticisms are appreciated and help us to give the readers what they want. Let's have some other readers' opinions on Mr. Wilson's letter. Ed.)

## IMPORTANT PRIZE COUPON NOTICE

In order that **BLUE BOLT** readers may obtain more valuable awards without lengthy delays, we have temporarily discontinued the **BLUE BOLT** prize coupon formerly run on this page. We believe that most readers would prefer to write an "Associate Editor's" letter to **BLUE BOLT** and receive \$1.00 if it is published, rather than wait to clip coupons from several issues of the magazine before receiving a prize.

Do not destroy the coupons that you have clipped from **BLUE BOLT** or **TARGET**. All coupons that readers have saved are redeemable at their full value.

This offer is void in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed or restricted.

If the majority of readers would prefer to have the prize coupons put back into **BLUE BOLT** and **TARGET**, we will be glad to do so. Write us what you want.





CARP STRICKEN WITH PANIC NOW LEAVES THE STICK TO DO BATTLE WITH DICK—

DICK— HIS GUN!

STEP RIGHT UP, MISTER!



A SLEDGE-HAMMER LEFT TO THE BUTTON, AND CARP IS ALL THROUGH!

SOCK!

POT-SHOT!



THERE SHE IS !!

DICK COLE — THE WONDER-BOY IS IN IT!

BETTY LEE WILL BE KILLED!

THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!

IT'S GOING TO CRASH!

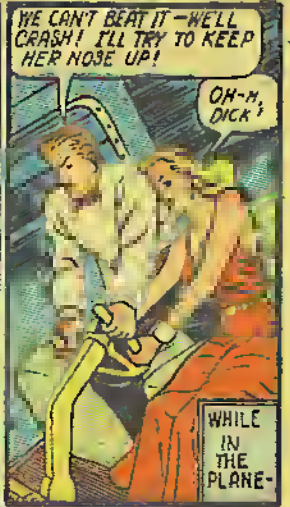
THEY'RE GONERS!

A TAIL-SPIN!

WHAT A STORY!

CLANG!

DING! DING! DING!



WE CAN'T BEAT IT—WE'LL CRASH! I'LL TRY TO KEEP HER NOSE UP!

OH-M, DICK!

WHILE IN THE PLANE—



THEN IT COMES—

CRASH!



—BUT DICK'S SKILLFUL HAND AT THE STICK SAVES THEIR LIVES.

BOY WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO ALIVE!

WE MADE IT, BETTY!

AND THE FILMS ARE SAFE! AND—

HOLD IT, MR COLE!

CLICK!

CLICK!

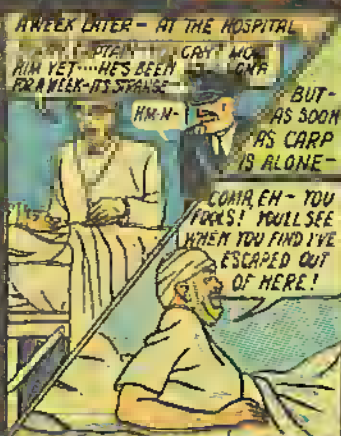


THERE GOES CARP— TO THE HOSPITAL— THEN JAIL!

I WONDER IF THAT'S THE END OF HIM?

I HOPE SO—

THAT'S THE END OF HIM, ALL RIGHT! THE NEXT EXCITEMENT IS THE FILM'S PREMIERE!



A WEEK LATER— AT THE HOSPITAL

HE'S BEEN PRAYING FOR A WEEK— IT'S STRANGE—

HM-N—

BUT— AS SOON AS CARP IS ALONE—

COME, EH— YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL SEE WHEN YOU FIND I'VE ESCAPED OUT OF HERE!

WILL PHIL CARP ESCAPE ???

AND IF SO, WILL DICK — BUT WAIT! THAT'S NEXT MONTH'S STORY!

THERE'LL BE A REAL HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE, A RUTHLESS MURDER, AND EXCITEMENT GALORE!

IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!



# SUB-ZERO

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

**The** BIG BELL OF THE CRIMINAL COURT'S BUILDING TOLLS THE HOUR AS SUB-ZERO, MARY AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHNSON EMERGE FROM THE GRAND JURY ROOM. PROFESSOR X, BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY SUB-ZERO, HAS JUST BEEN INDICTED FOR MURDER.

THAT MUST SOUND LIKE A DEATH KNELL TO PROFESSOR X!



HOLD IT, FOLKS!



AS JOHNSON AND MARY OBLIGINGLY POSE, SUB-ZERO SEES THAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S HAND IS NOT ON THE CAMERA PLUNGER...



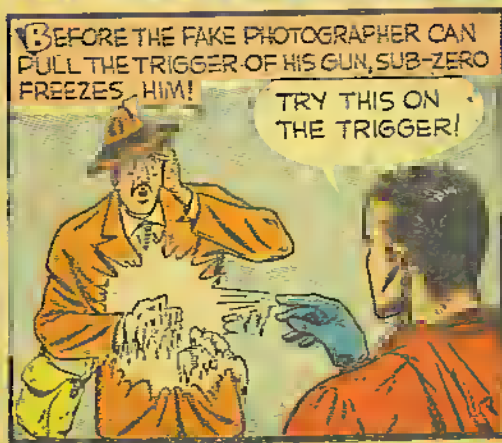
SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE CAMERA!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU!



BEFORE THE FAKE PHOTOGRAPHER CAN PULL THE TRIGGER OF HIS GUN, SUB-ZERO FREEZES HIM!

TRY THIS ON THE TRIGGER!

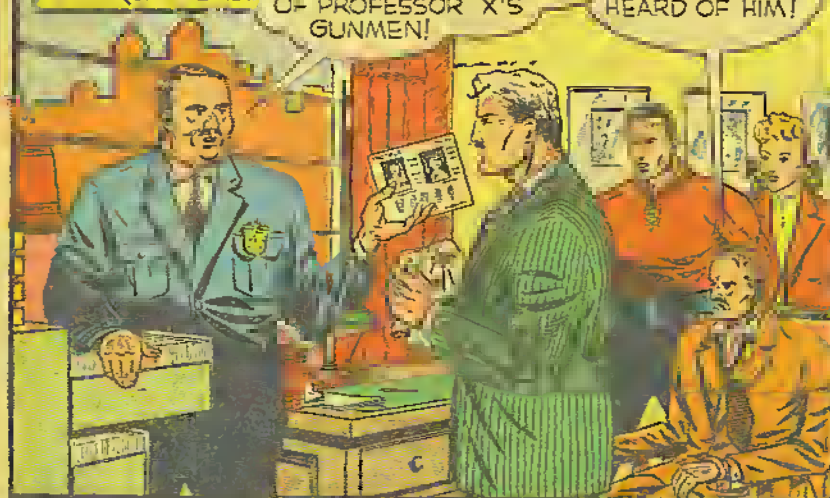




LATER.... AT HEADQUARTERS.

YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT! HE'S TORPEDO SMITH--ONE OF PROFESSOR X'S GUNMEN!

PROFESSOR WHO? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!



AND STILL LATER...

TWO HOURS OF GRILLING... AND HE STILL WON'T TALK!

SUPPOSE I GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER, JOHNSON-- I'VE GOT A DATE!



YOU'D BETTER STAY IN HIDING UNTIL THE TRIAL, PROFESSOR X WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO GET RID OF THE STATE'S STAR WITNESS!



UNAWARE OF A STEALTHY EAVESDROPPER, SUB-ZERO AND JOHNSON TALK!

MARY'S LANDED A PART IN THAT NEW SHOW AT THE TIVOLS, AND I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR ANYTHING! WHO'D FIND ME IN A CROWDED THEATRE, ANYHOW?

OKAY! BUT DON'T MEET HER AFTER THE SHOW-- GO RIGHT TO THE HIDEOUT!



THE EAVESDROPPER APPEARS AT THE COUNTY JAIL... VISITOR TO SEE YOU, PROFESSOR!



...AND RELATES WHAT HE HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING...

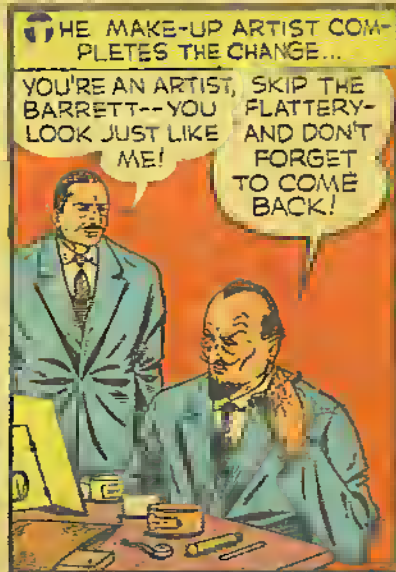
BUT LOOKIN' FER HIM IN THAT THEATRE WILL BE LIKE HUNTIN' FER A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!



PERHAPS I HAVE A MAGNET TO DRAW THE NEEDLE OUT!

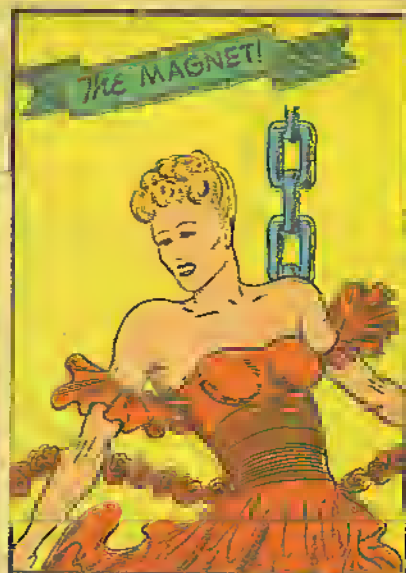








**A** GASP OF ADMIRATION  
RISES FROM THE AUDIENCE  
AS THE FEATURE OF  
THE SHOW--"THE LIVING  
CHANDELIER"--APPEARS!



*The "LIVING CHANDELIER"*  
WHIRLS IN A BLAZE OF  
COLORED LIGHT---

WEARING HIS COLD-RESISTANT  
MESH, PROFESSOR X ENTERS THE  
CONTROL ROOM FROM WHICH THE  
CHANDELIER IS OPERATED...



**W**HILE RIGGS, HIS HENCHMAN,  
ATTACKS THE SPOTLIGHT  
OPERATOR...



**O**UT GO THE LIGHTS...AND  
FROM THE DARKNESS COMES  
A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM!



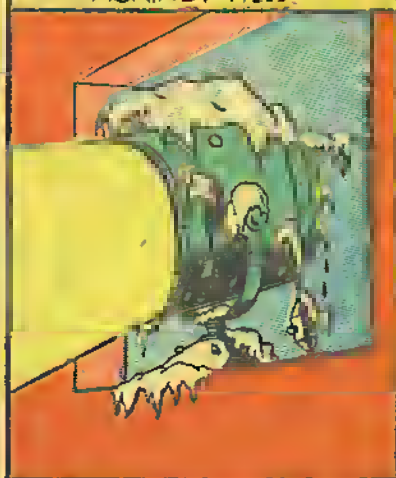
E-E-E-O-O-W!



SUB-ZERO CONCENTRATES  
HIS STRANGE POWER ON  
THE SPOTLIGHT...



ICE FORMS ON THE SPOT-  
LIGHT BUTTON....PRESSES  
AGAINST IT...



THE SPOTLIGHT  
BLAZES ON-  
REVEALING....



THE AUDIENCE IS THROWN  
INTO A PANIC!

E-E-OW!



TO AVERT A STAMPEDE, SUB-  
ZERO FREEZES THE AUDIENCE  
TO THEIR SEATS ... KNOWING  
THEY WILL SLOWLY THAW OUT,  
SUB-ZERO DASHES TO THE  
NEAREST EXIT...



AND  
SEES...





THE PROFESSOR'S  
COLD-RESISTANT  
ALLOY PROTECTS  
THE SEDAN FROM  
SUB-ZERO'S ICY  
SHAFTS!



FOLLOW THAT GRAY  
SEDAN... IT'S A MATTER  
OF LIFE AND DEATH!



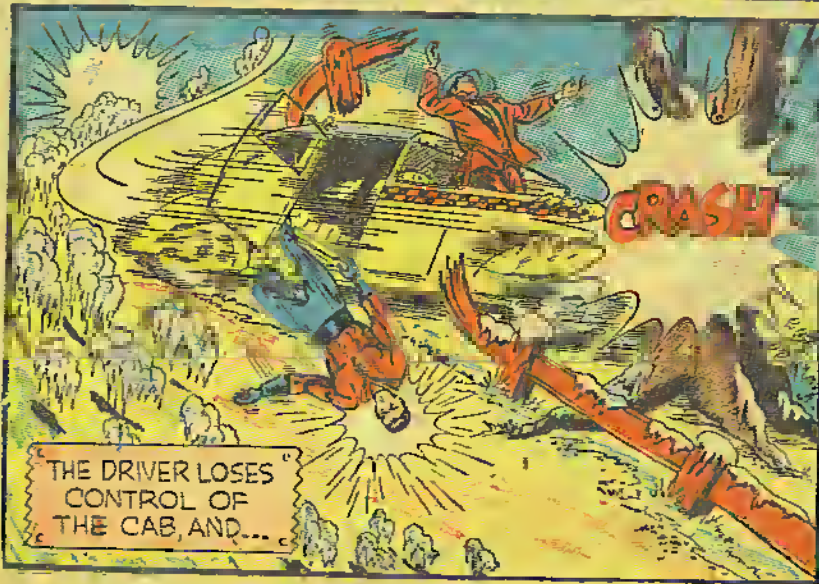
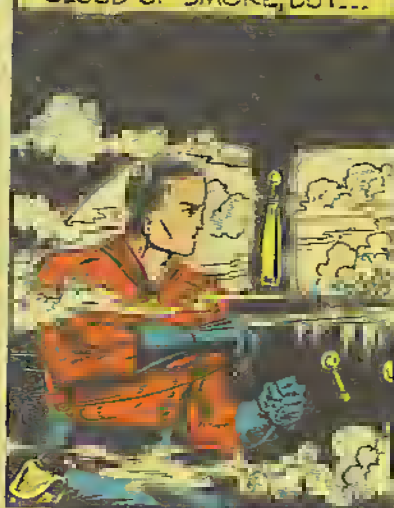
SLOW DOWN WHEN  
YOU REACH OPEN  
COUNTRY!



AS THE TAXI GAINS, PROFESSOR  
X PASSES A BUTTON AND...



SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE  
CLOUD OF SMOKE, BUT...



THE DRIVER LOSES  
CONTROL OF  
THE CAB, AND...

OUT LIKE A LIGHT.  
JUST AS YOU PLANNED,  
PROFESSOR!





THE GRAY SEDAN STOPS NEAR A REAR ENTRANCE OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING--A WATCHMAN APPEARS...



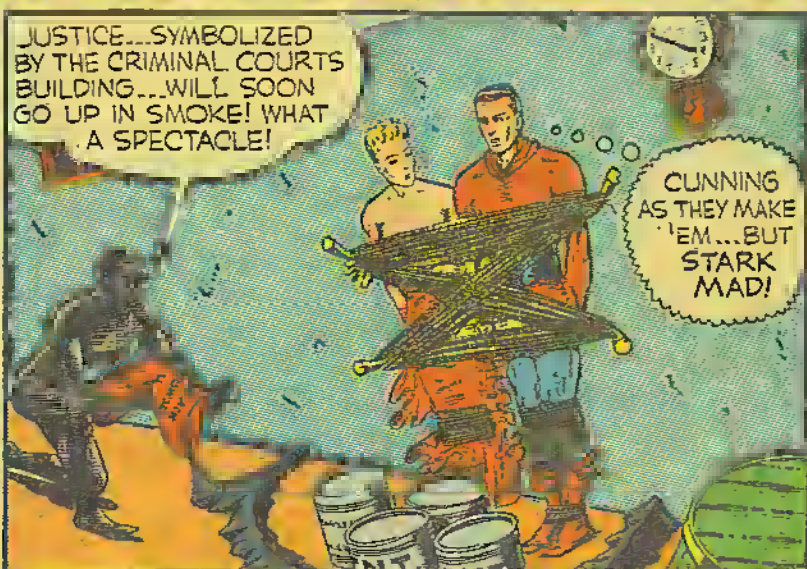
SUB-ZERO AND MARY ARE CARRIED TO A STOREROOM IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING!



OKAY, BOSS!  
SOME FUN,  
HUH?



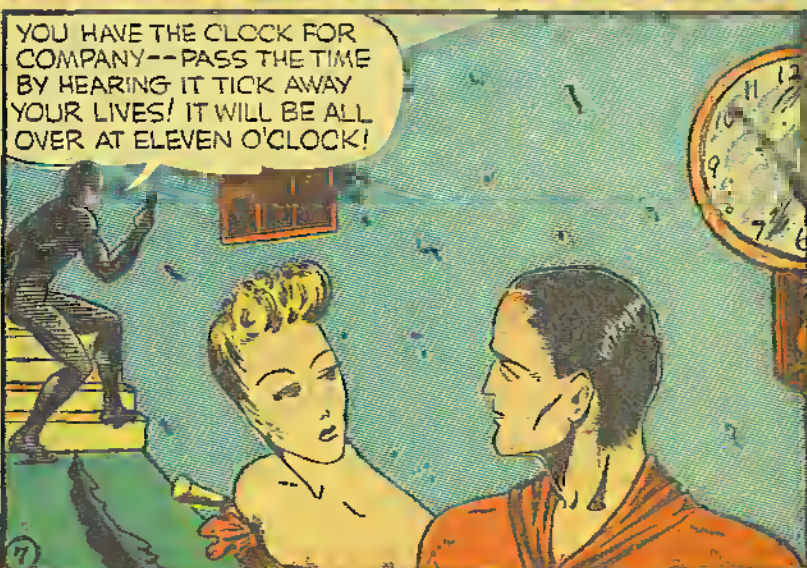
JUSTICE...SYMBOLIZED  
BY THE CRIMINAL COURTS  
BUILDING...WILL SOON  
GO UP IN SMOKE! WHAT  
A SPECTACLE!



I HAVE ALREADY ESTABLISHED  
AN ALIBI FOR THIS LITTLE  
AFFAIR! WITH YOU DEAD, I  
SHALL RETURN TO JAIL...  
CONFIDENT OF ACQUITTAL!



YOU HAVE THE CLOCK FOR  
COMPANY--PASS THE TIME  
BY HEARING IT TICK AWAY  
YOUR LIVES! IT WILL BE ALL  
OVER AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK!





35  
PROFESSOR X  
ASCENDS THE  
STAIRWAY.....



WHAT'S THAT?  
THOUGHT I  
HEARD A  
NOISE!



ME-IA-OUW!



SO YOU'RE THE ONE  
WHO CAUSED THE  
DISTURBANCE!



21 MEANWHILE

TWENTY  
MORE MINUTES  
TO LIVE!



PROBABLY PREPARING THE EVIDENCE  
AGAINST ME...IF HE ONLY KNEW  
WHAT I WAS PREPARING!



DEPT. OF  
JUSTICE  
OFFICE

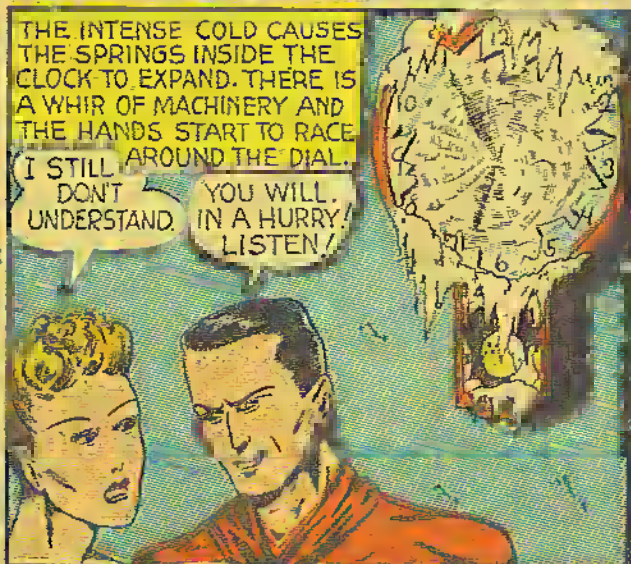
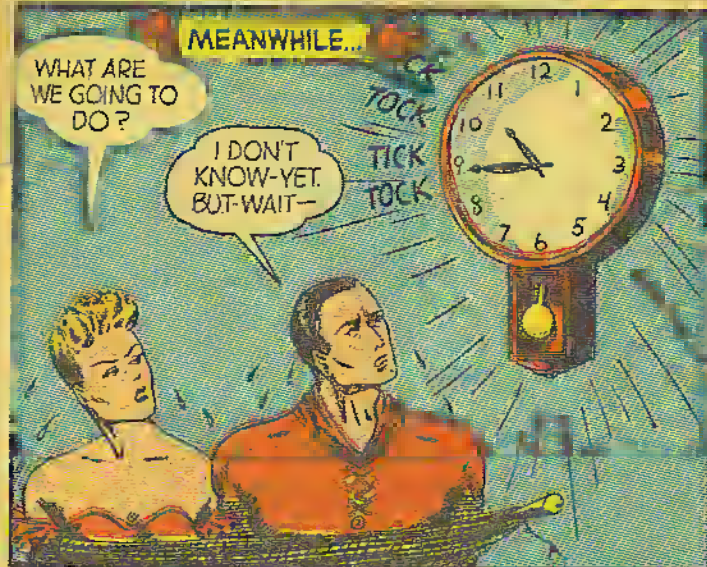
AS THE GUARD  
LEAVES...  
PROFESSOR X  
CONTINUES  
TRAILING  
POWDER  
THROUGH THE  
BUILDING!

THEN

FAREWELL TO  
JUSTICE...WHAT  
A SENDOFF!



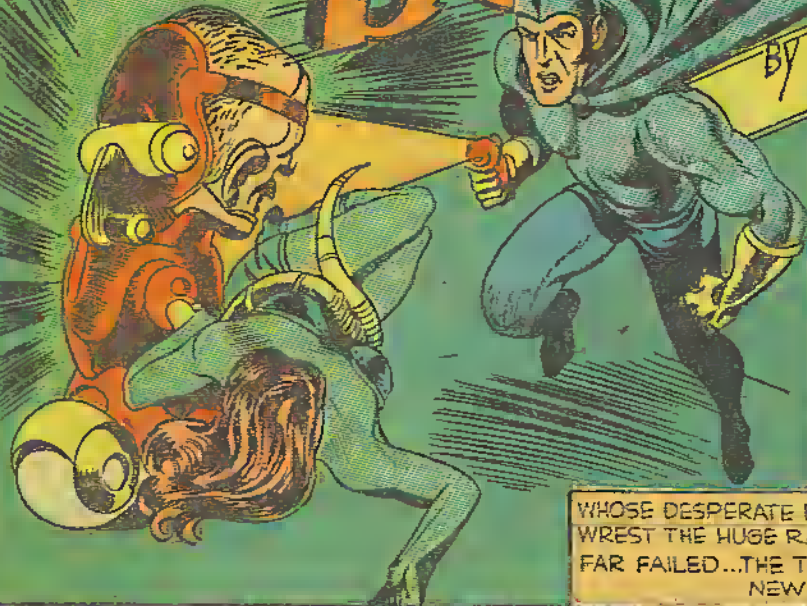






# BLUE BOLT

BY JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY



CONVINCED THAT HER DESTINY LIES IN SUBJUGATING THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD TO THE DOMINATING CONTROL OF HER HIDDEN EMPIRE, THE GREEN SORCERESS ONCE MORE PREPARES HER ARMIES FOR A NEW ASSAULT ON THE OUTSIDE WORLD...DOCTOR BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT, THE MAN OF STEEL, HAVE SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED THE WORLD'S RADIUM SUPPLY AGAINST THE GREEN ARMY, WHOSE DESPERATE BUT VAIN ATTEMPTS TO WREST THE HUGE RADIUM DEPOSITS HAVE SO FAR FAILED...THE TWO MEN GRIMLY AWAIT THE NEW ONSLAUGHT!

IN THEIR LABORATORY STRONGHOLD WHICH GUARDS THE GATEWAY TO THE OUTER WORLD...DR. BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT TUNE IN ON A MEETING OF THE GREEN WAR COUNCIL IN THEIR TELEVISOR.



BUT, MAJESTY, THE WINTER SNOWS ARE ALREADY LAUNCHING A PERMANENT OFFENSIVE ALMOST UPON US! THE MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING OUR EMPIRE WILL BECOME AN ICY BARRIER IN SO LITTLE TIME! NO ARMY COULD CROSS!



I SAY WE MUST! DO YOU HEAR? WE MUST! BERTOFF EXPECTS THE SNOW TO HALT OUR OPERATIONS! BLUE BOLT AND HE WILL RELAX THEIR VIGILANCE... THAT'S WHY WE MUST STRIKE NOW!





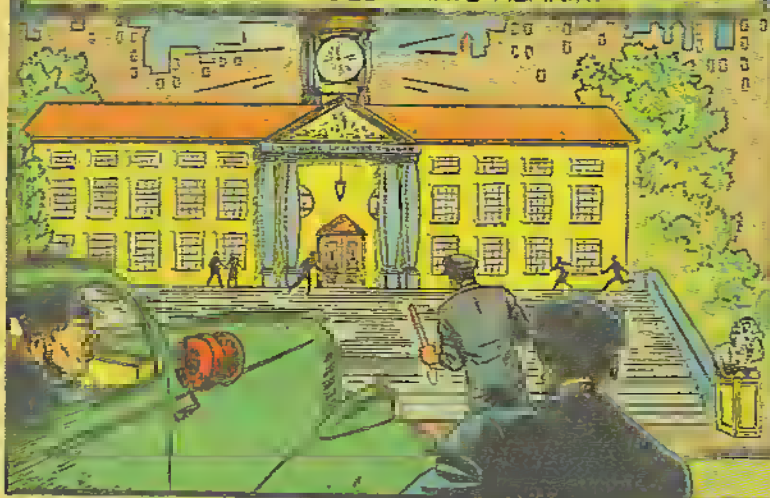
ELECTRICALLY SYNCHRONIZED TO THE MASTER CLOCK IN THE STOREROOM, THE TOWER TIME-PIECE ALSO RUNS OUT OF CONTROL



AS THE HOUR HAND WHIRLS PAST EACH NUMERAL ON THE CLOCK, THE BELL RINGS...MADLY...



SUB-ZERO HAS TURNED THE TOWER BELL INTO A TOXIN, SOUNDING A DESPERATE ALARM!



HEARING THE CLANG OF THE BELL AND THE WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN, PROFESSOR X TAKES FLIGHT!



LEAPING FOR THE DRAINPIPE OF THE ADJOINING BUILDING, PROFESSOR X MISJUDGES THE DISTANCE AND.....



CATCHING RAT OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, THE POLICE ENTER JUST AS THE TRAIL OF FLAMING POWDER REACHES THE STOREROOM...

PROFESSOR X WAS JUST KILLED TRYING TO FLEE!

HE THOUGHT HE COULD STOP JUSTICE, BUT TIME WAS ON OUR SIDE!

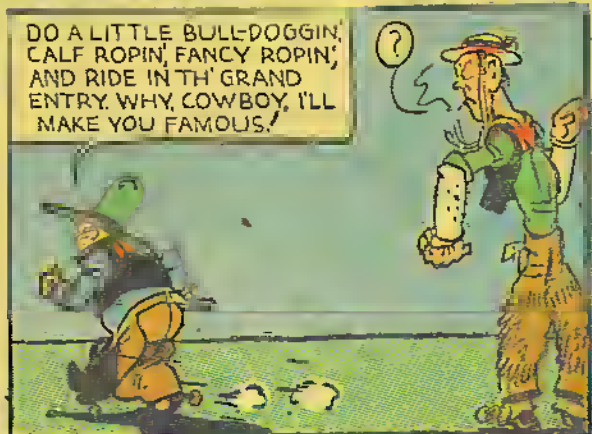
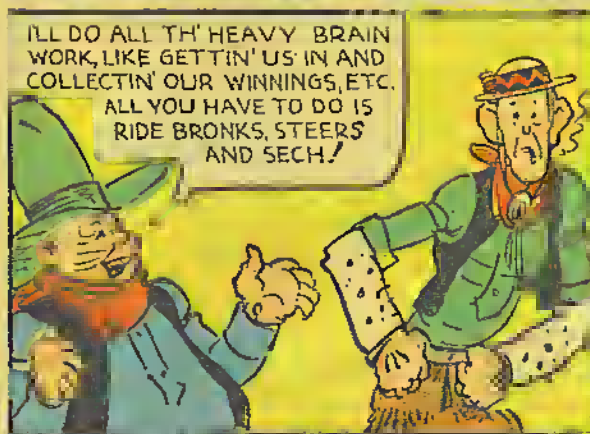
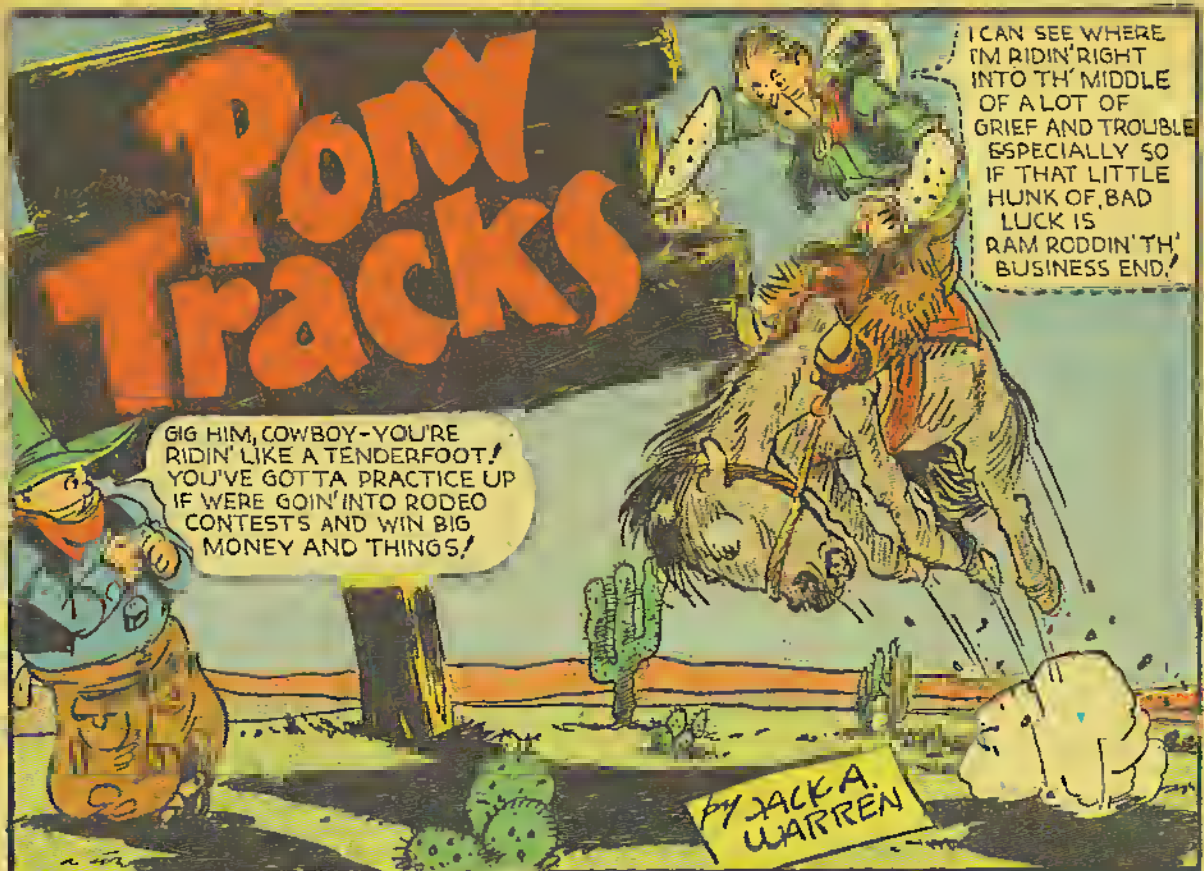


**FURTHER**  
EXCITING  
ADVENTURES  
OF **SUB  
ZERO**

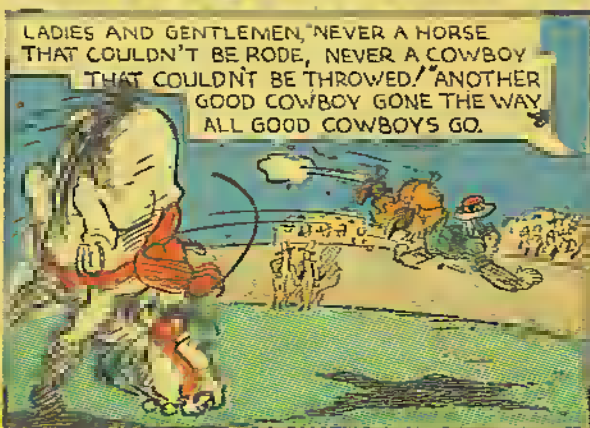
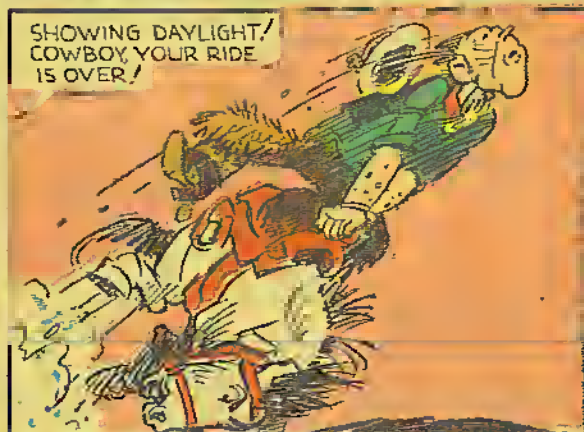
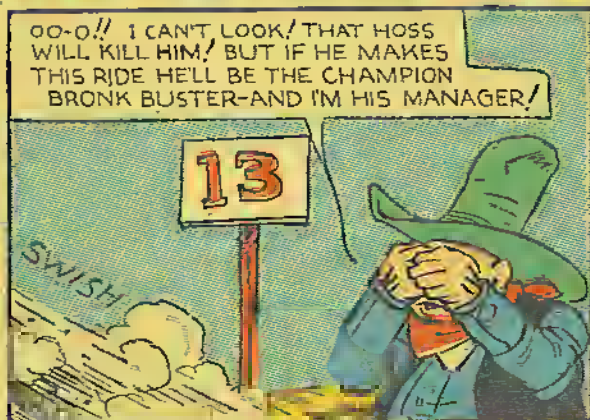
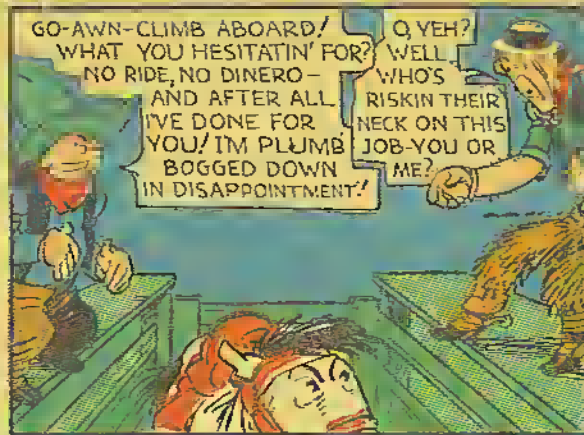
APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF

**BLUE  
BOLT**











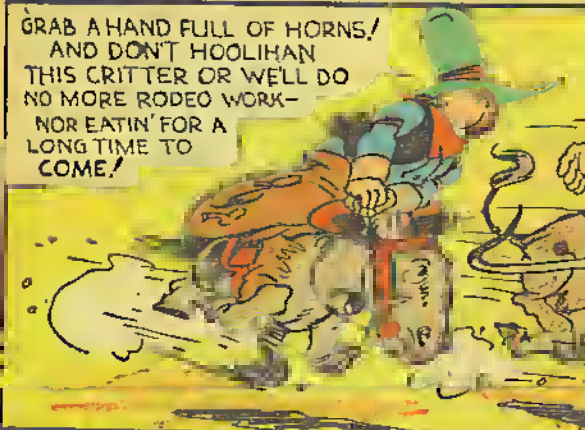
YOU'VE MADE A FINE MESS  
OUTA YOUR BRONK RIDIN',  
YOU'VE DONE GONE AND  
KNOCKED US RIGHT OUTA  
TH' BIG MONEY, YOU-YOU....



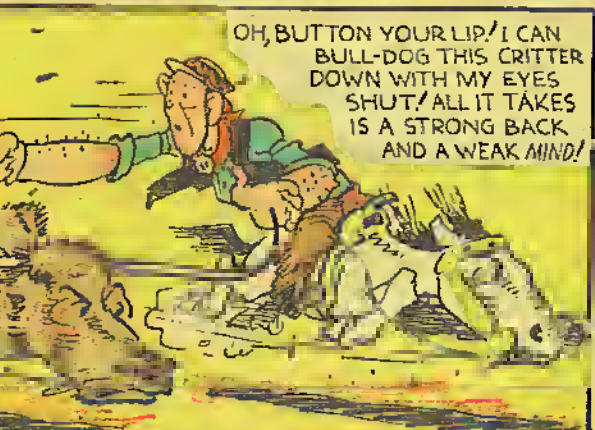
NOW FORK THAT BRONK AND  
SEE IF YOU CAN STAY ON LONG  
ENOUGH TO BULL-DOG A STEER!



GRAB A HAND FULL OF HORNS!  
AND DON'T HOOLIHAN  
THIS CRITTER OR WE'LL DO  
NO MORE RODEO WORK—  
NOR EATIN' FOR A  
LONG TIME TO  
COME!



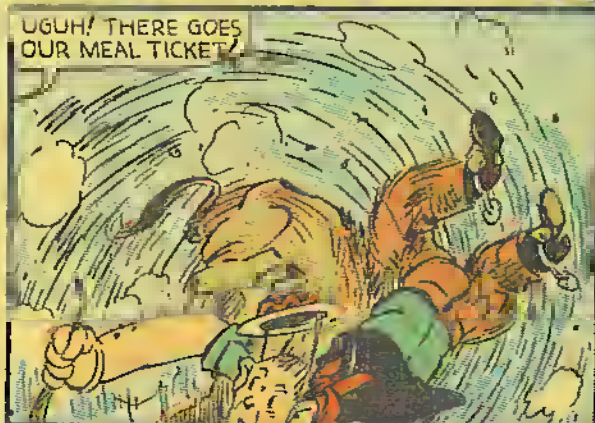
OH, BUTTIN YOUR LIP! I CAN  
BULL-DOG THIS CRITTER  
DOWN WITH MY EYES  
SHUT! ALL IT TAKES  
IS A STRONG BACK  
AND A WEAK MIND!



HEY, GET YOUR FEET  
DOWN ON TH'  
GROUND OR—



UGUH! THERE GOES  
OUR MEAL TICKET!



DAH-GON-IT! THAT HALF PINT IS JUST PLAIN  
BAD LUCK TO ME! I'M GOIN' RIGHT BACK TO  
TH' WIDE OPEN SPACES WHERE I BELONG! NO  
MORE OF THIS DUDE STUFF FOR ME!



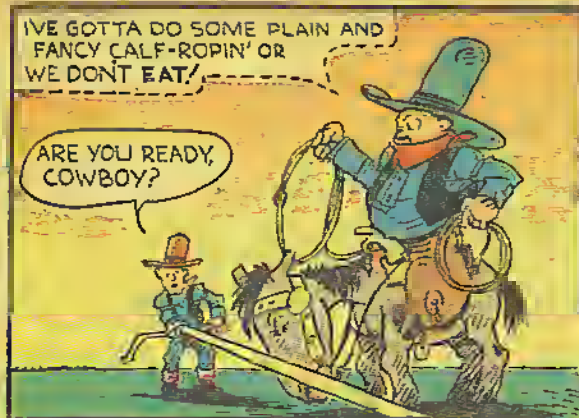
DO I HAVE TO DO ALL TH' WORK FOR  
US TO EAT? I SAY DO I? NOW YOU  
WATCH ME SAVE TH' DAY FOR US!  
I'M A CALF  
ROPER—  
I AM!





IVE GOTTA DO SOME PLAIN AND  
FANCY CALF-ROPIN' OR  
WE DONT EAT!

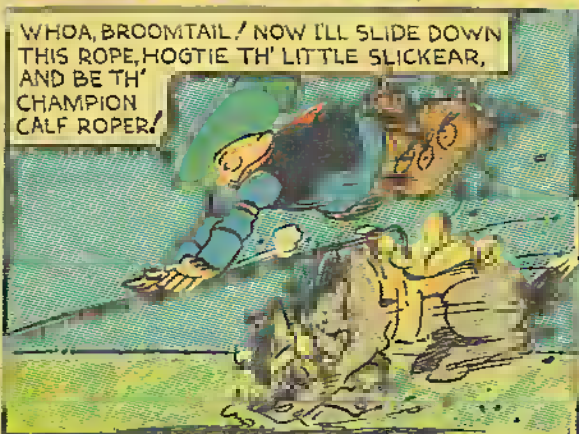
ARE YOU READY,  
COWBOY?



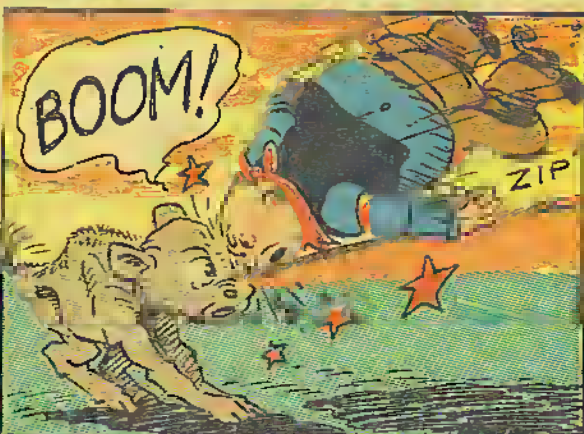
VIP-EE! WOW!! AND ALL  
THAT STUFF FOR OUR SIDE!  
I GOT ME A CALF!



WHOA, BROOMTAIL! NOW I'LL SLIDE DOWN  
THIS ROPE, HOGTIE TH' LITTLE SLICKER,  
AND BE TH' CHAMPION CALF ROPER!



BOOM!

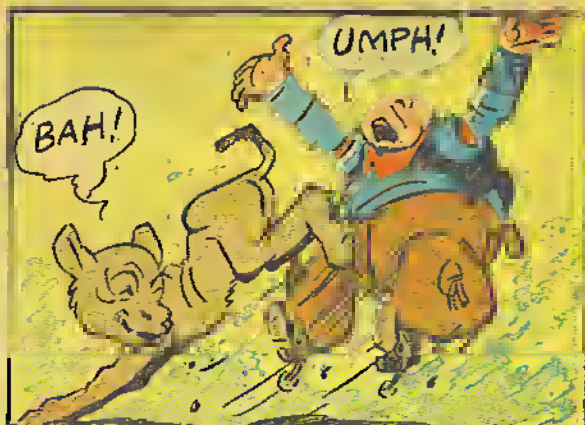
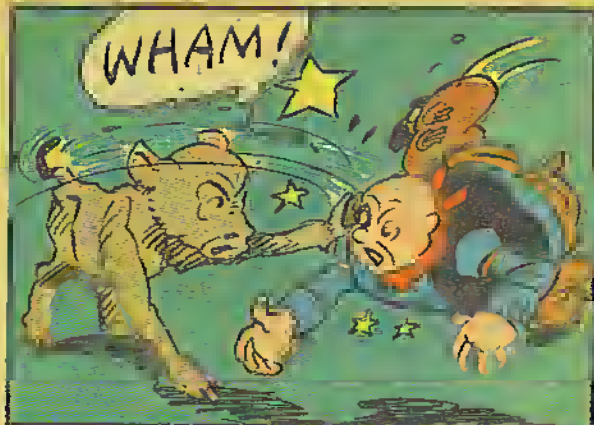


• H •

CUT  
OUT

J-1

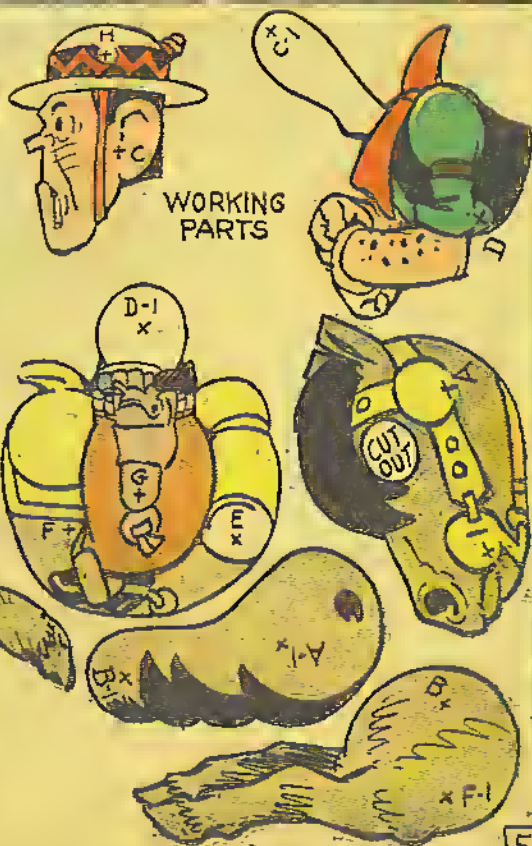




# Jack WARREN'S ANIMATED CUTOUT CARTOON

**DIRECTIONS:-** CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON PAGE 4, CUT OUT HOLE MARKED WITH DOTTED LINES. CUT OUT WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE <sup>4/10</sup> MOUNT BACKGROUND AND WORKING PARTS WITH RUBBER CEMENT OR PASTE ON CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER. THEN CUT OUT EYE ON HORSE'S HEAD, TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD, KNOT THREAD AND SEW THROUGH AT POINT A TO POINT A-1, PULL UP PARTS CLOSE, KNOT THREAD AT BACK, CUT THREAD AT KNOT.

REPEAT AT POINT B TO B-1, C-TO C-1, D-TO D-1, E TO E-1, F TO F-1, AND SEW THROUGH AT G, LEAVING ABOUT 2 INCHES OF THREAD FOR HANDLE. SEW POINT H TO H-1 ON BACKGROUND, I TO I-1 AND J TO J-1. PULL THREAD AT POINT H THROUGH HOLE IN BACKGROUND <sup>4/10</sup> TURN IN ROTARY MOTION.





# THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE MEN

The huge glass slowly descended, completely covering Dick. The tingling sensation in his body increased, and it seemed as though the infernal machine was slowly sapping the very blood from his veins.

A DICK COLE Adventure

by Stockbridge Winslow

**SYNOPSIS.**—On Army Day, a nude little man, two feet high, slipped from a sewer and ran in the path of a line of light tanks. Dick Cole saved his life and later the man disappeared. Dick disobeyed his commandant's order to return to Farr Academy and that night crawled into the sewer where he discovered a crumbling tunnel. The tunnel lead Dick under the park and into an ancient cellar. There he was attacked, and jabbed with a needle. But before losing consciousness, he caught a glimpse of a row of cages filled with little men. When he awakened he heard a shrill voice speaking of something that is to be done to him in an hour. The door closed and Dick was left alone with the rats.

**T**HE rust-caked hinges screeched again and the door swung open. For the second time that night the glaring shaft of light slashed through the blackness of Dick's prison. "Leave him on the board," growled a voice. "He'll be easier to carry."

Dick felt himself being swung up into the air, and the beam of light darted out the door. Footsteps thudded at his head and feet as he was carried down a long, dark corridor.

A heavy metal door swung open noiselessly and they passed into a brilliantly lighted room. The place was white and gleaming and empty except for a rugged chromium table in the center of the floor.

Still groggy from the drug in his system, Dick could not help himself as he was securely strapped to the table. He dimly saw

that both his captors wore long black robes and black hoods. Then a powerful clamp held his head motionless so that he could do nothing but stare glassily up at the spotless ceiling.

Faintly at first, and then louder, he heard the approach of the mysterious footsteps. The steps ceased, and though Dick rolled his eyes he could see no one.

Suddenly the shrill voice said: "Dick Cole, the Wonder Boy! Hah! You'll never escape from me. I'll sap your strength and make you weak as a baby. I'll let you keep your perfect body,





but it will be useless!"

A black line suddenly appeared in the center of the ceiling. The next instant it widened and the two halves slid noiselessly apart, revealing a dark cavity above. A huge glass bell slowly descended and settled on the floor, completely covering Dick and the table.

The light filtering through the translucent glass faded, to be immediately replaced by a dull lavender glow. Strange noises pounded on Dick's eardrums; bells rang, motors roared and there was a constant howling undertone.

Dick's body tingled and squirmed under the bonds and he felt as though he were being drawn by a giant magnet. The sucking, pulling sensation increased, and he was aware of his strength slipping away. It seemed that the infernal machine was slowly sapping the very blood from his veins!

**H**E first noticed the change in his size when the band across his chest suddenly slackened. He shrunk rapidly and the other bonds dropped off. At the same time the table spread out in all directions so that when he finally managed to struggle weakly to his feet he seemed to be standing on a huge, black leather mat.

White light replaced the lavender glow and the globe ascended to the ceiling. Dick glanced around to see a hideous, misshapen figure towering beside him. He took one look at the contorted face that mushroomed out of a collar of leather and steel. He glanced down at the man's feet. One was badly twisted and the other was merely a round, brass-tipped piece of wood protruding from his trouser leg.

A crooked hand shot out and caught Dick on the chest, sending him sprawling across the black expanse of leather.

"See? see?" shrieked the voice. "Even I can knock down Dick Cole!"

Dick launched a blow from the ground and followed it up

with his twenty-four inch body. His fist smacked against a gleaming eyeball and bored in. The man shrieked with pain, stumbled backwards and sat down.

Dick leaped to the floor. Two black shapes appeared suddenly, bellowing with rage, as he raced across the floor. He sprang upwards as he reached the door and clung to the door handle with both hands. The weight of his body released the latch and he kicked viciously at the door jamb. The door swung slowly open. He dropped to the floor and wriggled through.

Along one side of the room he entered was a row of cages. Instantly a score of voices screamed at him. One penetrating voice rose above the rest, "Release us! The switch is on the wall!"

The door behind Dick swung open to admit his two pursuers. He dove for the wall and, as a huge hand closed on his shoulder, managed to throw the switch. The doors of the cages burst open, and with the fury of starving wolves the little men hurled themselves on their captors.

First one and then the other pursuer crashed to the floor, to be immediately covered with a squirming mass of gouging, scratching, biting bodies. In two minutes both were senseless.

"Get Mornay!" shouted someone, and the sea of little figures surged toward the door.

**M**ORNAY, the cripple, stood dumbly in the center of the other room, his eyes glazed with terror. The wave of little men smashed against his legs and drove him backwards.

"The table! The table!" shouted Dick above the din.

Monay's steel brace struck the table and he toppled backwards onto the leather top. In an instant Dick and several others swung his feet upwards and he was immediately pinned on his back.

"Now, Mornay," said Dick, "tell us how we can regain our normal size."

The cripple laughed insanely. "Never, never! You'll never

be big again! All you'll be good for is a circus sideshow!"

"All right," snapped Dick. "Strap him down, fellows. We'll make him one of us!"

"No, no, you'll kill me! You don't know how to operate the mechanism!"

"Then show us how to change our bodies," Dick replied.

Mornay gulped. "All right, I'll do it!"

The cripple was hauled to his feet and dragged across the room to the control panel. "How do we know we can trust him?" asked someone.

"I'll go first," said Dick. "If you think he's double-crossing us, gouge his eyes out."

Dick scrambled onto the table, and the last thing he saw as the bell settled over him was Mornay leaning weakly against the wall, completely covered with small, watchful figures.

The process was reversed, although the noise was the same. Strong currents surged through Dick's body as it rapidly expanded to normal. When the bell lifted he leaped from the table.

A second little man climbed to the table and the process was repeated. When he was normal he jumped from the table, picked up one of his comrades, and gently placed him on the black leather. As the bell descended he joined Dick.

"What's the explanation for all this?" asked Dick in a low voice.

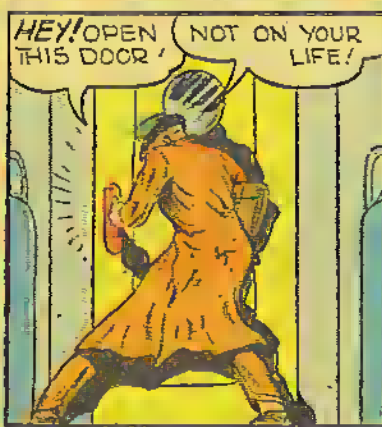
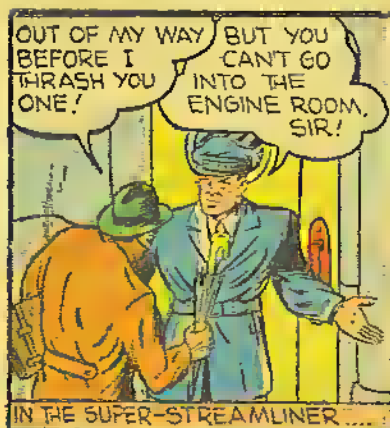
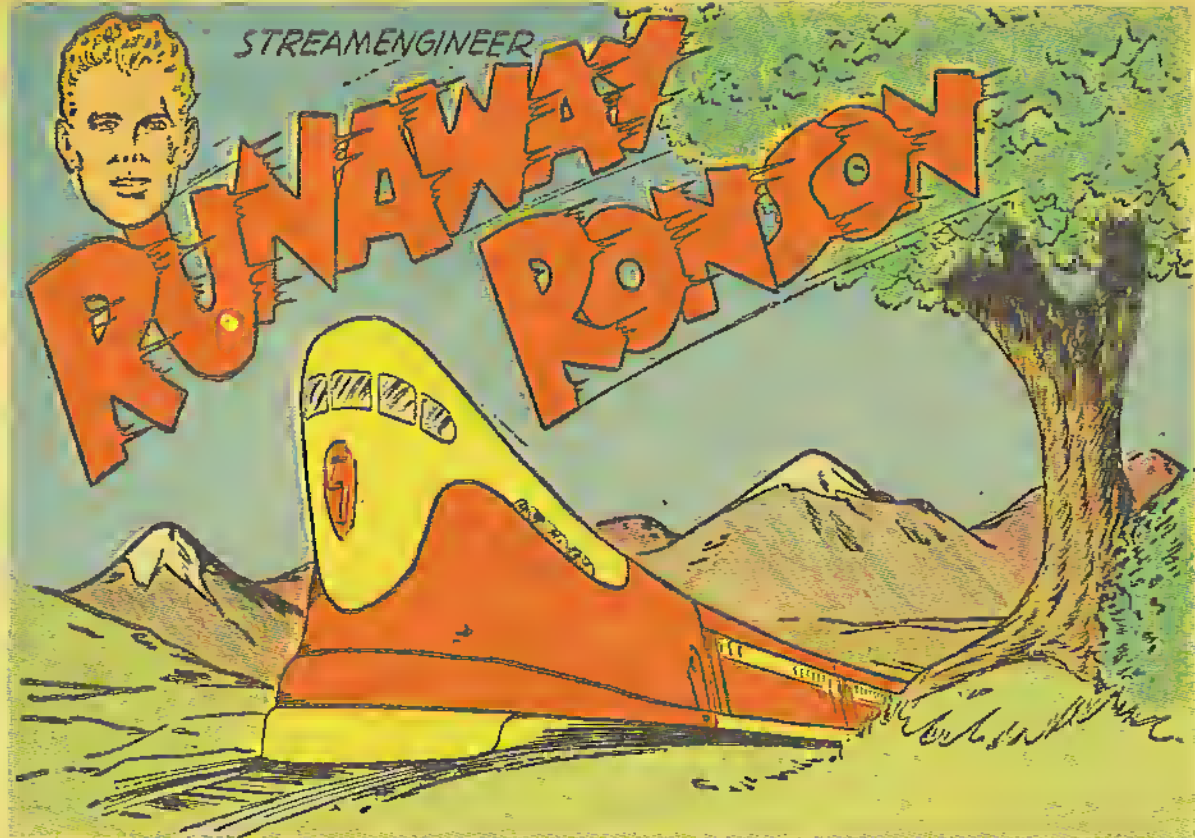
"Mornay's mind is warped," was the whispered reply. "He was a famous bicyclist years ago. He was pocketed in a race and there was an accident. His back was broken, one leg twisted and the other horribly mangled. He was crippled for life. As he grew older he came to hate athletes. His money enabled him to kidnap us and make us his slaves."

Dick shook his head. "It seems unbelievable."

"It was a nightmare to all of us," said the other man, "—until you came along. We'll never forget Dick Cole."

**THE END**







YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN!  
NOW BEAT IT BEFORE  
I THROW YOU  
OUT!

TAKE IT EASY  
NOW... YOU'LL  
RECOGNIZE ME AS  
SOON AS I TURN  
MY COLLAR DOWN!



JUMPING HOP-TOADS! YOU'RE  
EDGAR MONROE, OF THE  
RAILROAD BOARD! WHY  
DIDN'T YOU SAY  
SO?

I COULDN'T!  
I WAS  
FOLLOWED!



WE'D BETTER CALL THE  
POLICE IN ON  
THIS!

NO! IT MIGHT  
START UNPLEASANT  
INTERNATIONAL  
COMPLICATIONS!



I REFUSED A BRANCH OF A  
FOREIGN MUNITIONS  
COMPANY THE RIGHTS TO  
SHIP THEIR PRODUCTS TO THE  
ATLANTIC COAST BY RAIL-  
AND BECAUSE OF IT, MY  
LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED  
TWICE!



YES... IT MIGHT... AND YOU  
WOULDN'T WANT THAT  
TO HAPPEN! - HIM....  
THE  
FELLOW WHO'S  
BEEN FOLLOWING  
ME!



YES! THIS MASTER KEY LET  
ME IN HERE! YOU GOT  
AWAY FROM ME TWICE  
MONROE, BUT NOT  
THIS TIME!



YOU WON'T BE ALLOWED TO  
SHIP AMMUNITION BY RAIL  
EVEN IF YOU KILL EVERY  
MAN ON THE RAILROAD  
BOARD!



A LITTLE MONEY ON THE SIDE  
HAS TAKEN CARE OF THAT!  
AS SOON AS YOU ARE OUT  
OF THE WAY, YOUR FELLOW  
BOARDMEN WILL COME  
TO TERMS WITH US!



MEN IN MY DEPARTMENT  
BRIBED??? THIS SOUNDS  
LIKE THE WORK OF  
SPIES... NOT JUST MONROE.  
THE COMPANY MOVE IN  
ITSELF!



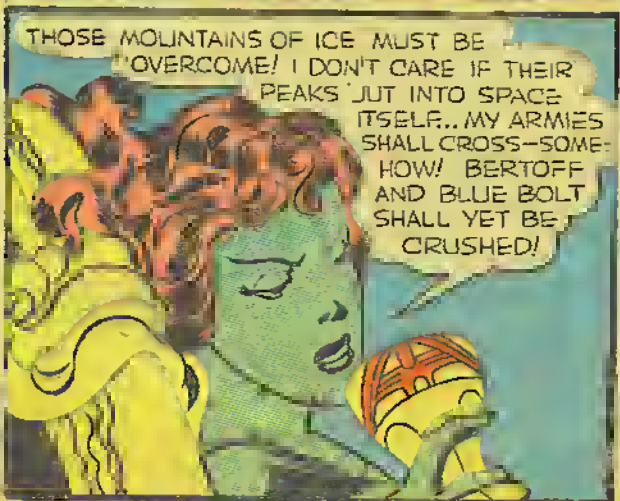
THAT'S IT! I'M GOING TO HIT  
YOU WITH A WRENCH SO  
RIDE WITH THE  
BLOW!



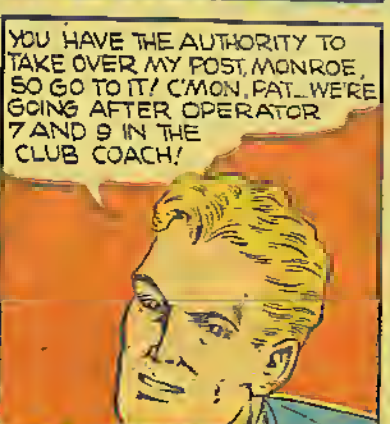
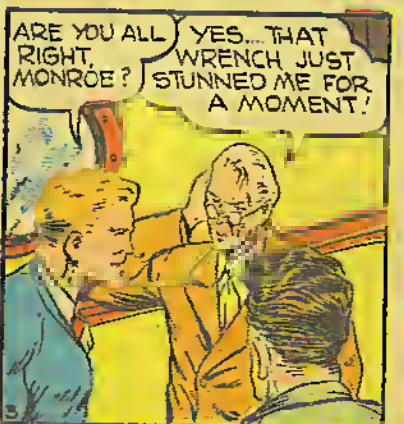
PUT YOUR GUN AWAY, COMRADE.  
THIS WILL TAKE CARE  
OF HIM!



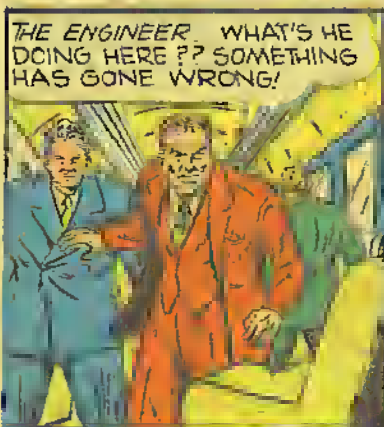












PAT EXTINGUISHES THE SMALL FIRE THEY MADE.



MAYBE! GET THE  
OTHER GUY,  
PAT!

WITH  
PLEASURE!

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WE  
DON'T LIKE GUYS LIKE  
YOU AROUND HERE!

THAT GOES FOR YOU  
TOO, BUD!

YOU ASKED FOR  
IT...YOU AMERICAN  
PIGS!

RUNAWAY...HE  
GOT ME!

PAT!

NOW MY FRIEND....IT'S  
YOUR TURN!

IN A FLASH, RUNAWAY PULLS  
THE SPY IN FRONT OF HIM AS  
A SHIELD!

FORGET ABOUT ME...GET  
MONROE!

IF I LET THIS GUY GO, I'LL BE  
A GONER...AND IF I HANG  
ON TO HIM, THE OTHER ONE  
WILL REACH MONROE AND  
KILL HIM!

AS THE SPY TURNS TO CLOSE  
THE DOOR BEHIND HIM,  
RUNAWAY STREAKS OUT  
AFTER HIM.

LOCKED!



NOT AS CLEVER AS YOU  
THOUGHT YOU WERE!



I'M NOT LICKED YET, BUD!



THAT WINDOW IS THE BEST  
BET I HAVE TO GET TO  
MONROE BEFORE THAT  
OTHER GEESEY  
DOES!



ALL RIGHT, MONROE.... SAY  
YOUR PRAYERS!



AS THE SPY'S GUN BLASTS OUT,  
RUNAWAY CRASHES INTO THE  
ENGINE ROOM IN FRONT OF  
MONROE.



YOU GOT MY LEFT ARM... BUT  
MY RIGHT ONE IS STILL  
GOOD!



IF THIS DOESN'T HOLD YOU,  
I'LL NAIL YOU DOWN WITH A  
MONKEY WRENCH!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER... IN A HOSPITAL...

IT'S MEN LIKE YOU, WHO WORK FOR THE  
GOVERNMENT WITHOUT ACTUALLY BEING  
ON IT'S PAY-ROLL... THAT HAVE MADE  
THIS COUNTRY WHAT IT IS TODAY!



WELL MR. PRESIDENT... IT'S  
MY COUNTRY AS WELL  
AS YOURS!



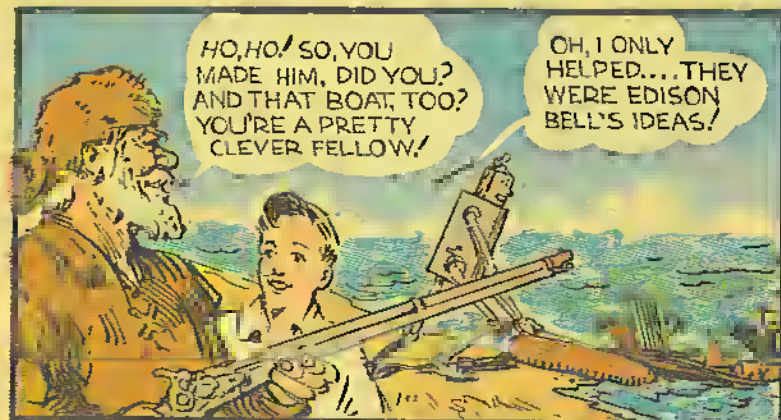
ANOTHER  
EPISODE OF  
'RUNAWAY RONSON'  
WILL APPEAR IN  
THE NEXT ISSUE!



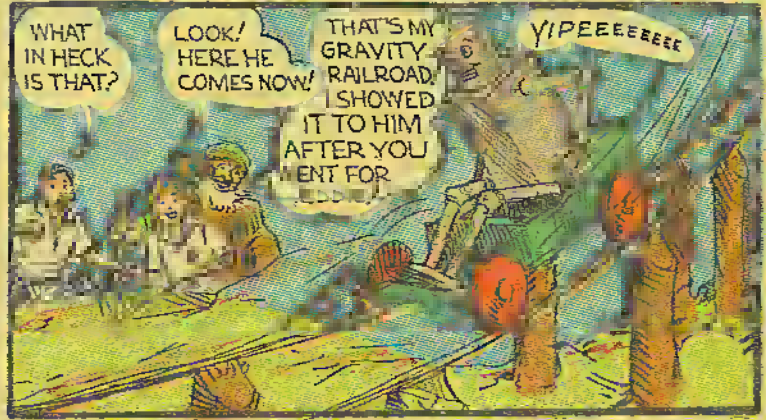
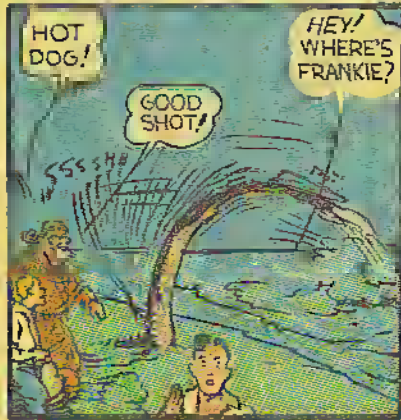
# EDISON BELL

YOUNG INVENTOR

WHILE ON A CAMPING TRIP EDDIE MAKES A PADDLE WHEEL BOAT IN WHICH JERRY AND FRANKIE SAIL OUT TO A SMALL ISLAND ON THE LAKE. ON THE ISLAND THEY MEET THE STRANGE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF KING ROBINSON!







## Here's How to Make a Gravity Railroad Like KING ROBINSON'S!

**T**O MAKE A TOY RAILROAD LIKE KING ROBINSON'S, YOU WILL HAVE TO LOCATE TWO PIECES OF HEAVY WIRE, THEN STRING THEM ALONG TWO ROWS OF NOTCHED LOGS AND NAIL THEM DOWN.

**N**OTCH THE LOGS LIKE THIS....

CABLE GOES HERE

SOAP BOX  
2" X 4" S

GRAVITY CAR ON TRACK

Headless Nails

**T**HE CAR RIDES ON THE WIRE. RUBBER TIRES ARE REMOVED.

CABLES

LOGS

**H**ERE IS HOW THE TRACK WILL LOOK WHEN FINISHED. THE CAR STARTS FROM THE TOP AND STOPS WHEN IT COMES TO THE RISE AT THE BOTTOM.



# THE WHITE RIDER

AND

## SUPERHORSE

SUPERHORSE, THAT AMAZING ANIMAL OF MIGHT AND INTELLIGENCE, PRODUCT OF A STRANGE "LOST CANYON" WHERE THE INTENSE PULL OF GRAVITY RESULTED IN HIS ABNORMAL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, CONTINUES TO WORK WITH HIS MASTER, THE WHITE RIDER, IN HELPING THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED.

THE GREAT SUPERHORSE, CLOUD, RACES THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE CAMP OF THE WHITE RIDER, HIS MASTER—

—UNAWARE OF THE PAIR OF PIERCING HUNGRY EYES THAT WATCH HIM FROM CONCEALMENT.

CLOUD'S KEEN EARS DETECT A FAINT RUSTLING SOUND.

THE NEXT INSTANT, THE GREAT HORSE LEAPS HIGH IN THE AIR AS AN ARROW STRIKES HIM.



AS THE GREAT HORSE LIES SHUDDERING ON THE GROUND, A RAGGED INDIAN APPROACHES.



SUDDENLY CLOUD COMES TO LIFE.



GET-UM NOW!

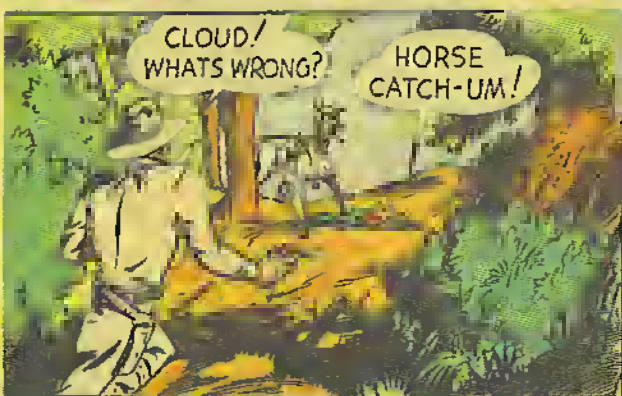


HOLDING THE INDIAN PRISONER, CLOUD WHINNIES FOR HIS MASTER, CAMPED NEAR-BY.



CLOUD!  
WHATS WRONG?

HORSE  
CATCH-UM!



THEN CLOUD WILL  
MAKE YOU TALK!



CLOUD HOLDS THE INDIAN'S KNIFE IN HIS MOUTH  
FOR HIS MASTER TO SEE.

THE KNIFE AND  
ARROW SHOW YOU  
TRIED TO KILL  
CLOUD! WHY?

ME NOT  
SAY-UM!





HIM HORSE OF GODS! WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL HIM? TELL HIM I NOT HURT-UM HIM!



ME RESERVATION INDIAN, MY PEOPLE HUNGRY! WE KILL-UM ALL ANIMALS FOR FOOD, STEAL-UM ALL THINGS FOR TO BUY FOOD!



THE GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES YOU WITH CATTLE,



GREAT WHITE FATHER NOT SEND-UM!

WHAT? LEAD ME TO YOUR TRIBE!

WE GO THAT WAY!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE RESERVATION, CLOUD IS LOOKED UPON AS FOOD ONLY. FEARING FOR HIS HORSE'S SAFETY, THE WHITE RIDER GETS AN IDEA KNOWING THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INDIAN, HE SIGNALS TO SUPERHORSE WHO-



-CLEARS THE LICKING TONGUES OF FLAME IN A MIGHTY LEAP.





YOU SENT BY GODS TO HELP-UM  
INDIANS IN GREAT TROUBLE!

YOU LEAD-UM  
US!



WHY MUST YOU USE FORCE?

AGENT AND WHITE  
FATHER FAIL US. INJIN  
HUNGRY, NO FOOD,  
WAR BRING PLENTY.

LEAD ME  
TO THIS AGENT  
FIRST!



THE INDIANS LEAD THE WHITE  
RIDER TO THE AGENT.



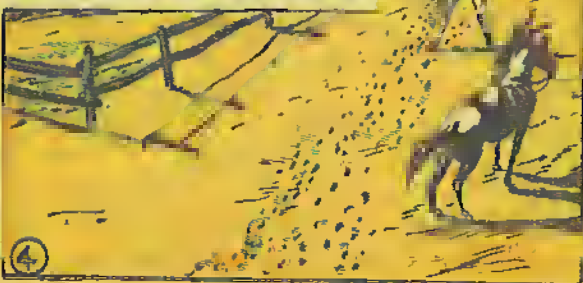
YOU MEN WAIT HERE.  
CLOUD AND I WILL  
SEE HIM FIRST!

WINDOWS, DOORS, EVERYTHING  
LOCKED TIGHT! WONDER WHERE  
HE IS THIS TIME OF NIGHT?  
LET'S LOOK  
AROUND THE  
PLACE, CLOUD.



AH! FRESH CATTLE  
TRACKS OUT OF  
THE CORRAL!  
MUST BE THE  
INDIAN'S CATTLE,  
RIGHT IS IT?

SOON FIND OUT!  
COME ON, CLOUD;  
WE'RE GOING INTO  
THAT HOUSE!



AT THE WHITE RIDER'S SIGNAL, SUPERHORSE  
LUNGES AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE.

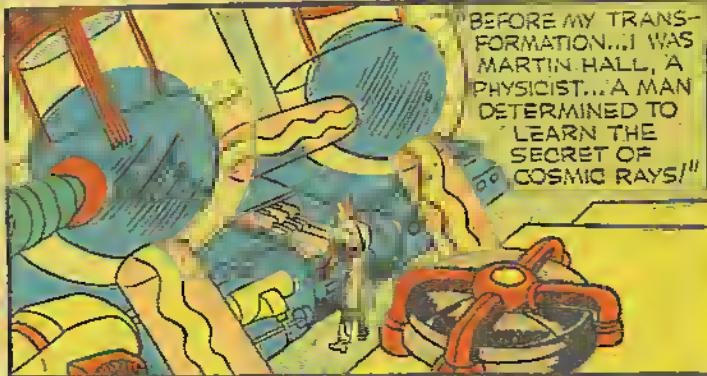


"NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, YOUR MAJESTY! MY SOMEWHAT RECEPTIVE MIND PICKED UP THE CONCENTRATED POWER OF YOUR THOUGHTS! BEING A LADY IN DISTRESS, I THOUGHT, YOU MIGHT

HAVE NEED OF MY SERVICES, SO HERE I AM!

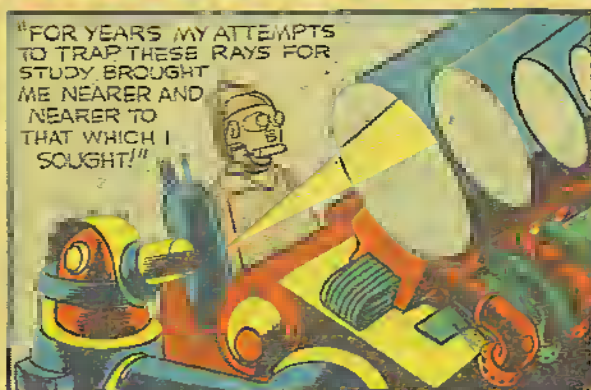
WHO... WHAT - ARE YOU?

I AM MARTO, YOUR MAJESTY...A CREATION OF MY OWN EXPERIMENT! ONCE A MERE SCIENTIST- TRYING TO WREST A GREAT SECRET FROM THE COSMOS...NOW THE LONE REPRESENTATIVE OF A RACE THAT WILL NEVER EXIST!

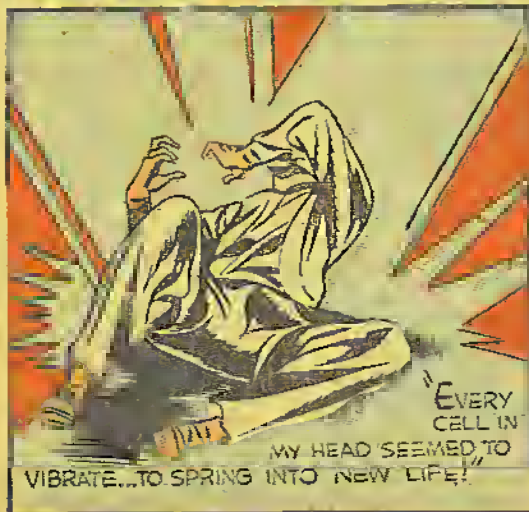


BEFORE MY TRANSFORMATION...I WAS MARTIN HALL, A PHYSICIST...A MAN DETERMINED TO LEARN THE SECRET OF COSMIC RAYS!"

"FOR YEARS MY ATTEMPTS TO TRAP THESE RAYS FOR STUDY BROUGHT ME NEARER AND NEARER TO THAT WHICH I SOUGHT!"



"THEN ONE DAY IT HAPPENED...MY GIANT ATTRACTORS UNLOCKED THE UNKNOWN.... I HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE POWER OF THE TRAPPED RAYS! I COULD NOT CONTROL THEM! I WAS CAUGHT IN THEIR MERCILESS GLARE!"



"EVERY CELL IN

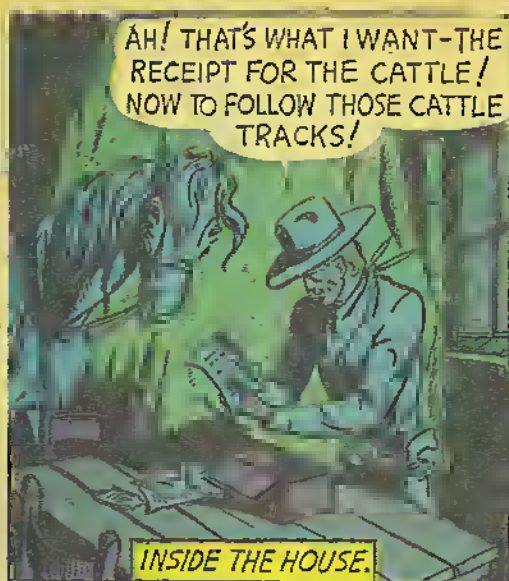
MY HEAD SEEMED TO VIBRATE...TO SPRING INTO NEW LIFE!"



"MY BODY WAS UNDERGOING A DRASTIC CHANGE! MY HEAD GREW UNTIL IT BURST MY OXO-MASK! MY LIMBS WERE CONTRACTING...GROWING SMALLER...I WAS WEAK...UNABLE TO MOVE!"



AH! THAT'S WHAT I WANT-THE  
RECEIPT FOR THE CATTLE!  
NOW TO FOLLOW THOSE CATTLE  
TRACKS!



INSIDE THE HOUSE.

CHIEF, CLOUD AND I WILL LEAD  
YOU TO YOUR CATTLE, IF YOU  
AND YOUR MEN FOLLOW.

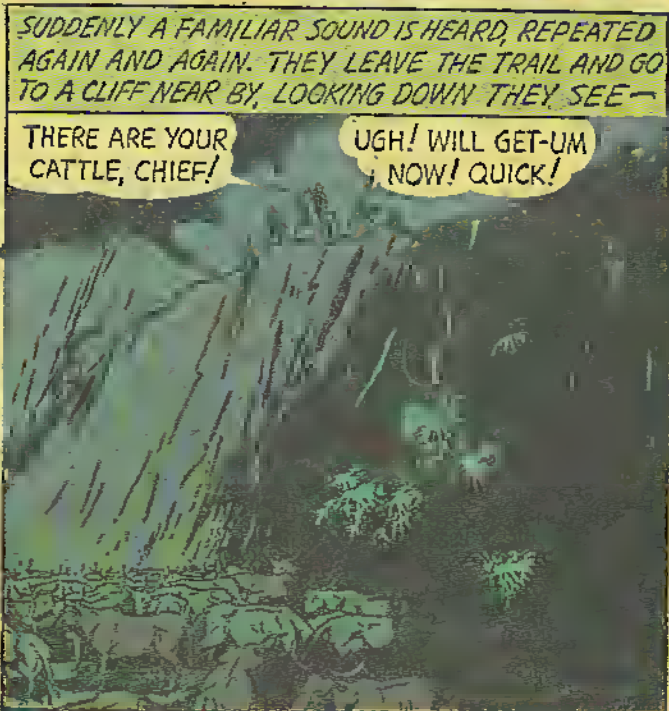
WILL FOLLOW!



SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR SOUND IS HEARD, REPEATED  
AGAIN AND AGAIN. THEY LEAVE THE TRAIL AND GO  
TO A CLIFF NEAR BY, LOOKING DOWN THEY SEE—

THERE ARE YOUR  
CATTLE, CHIEF!

UGH! WILL GET-UM  
NOW! QUICK!



SUPERHORSE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL STEAD-  
ILY, WITH THE INDIANS CLOSE BEHIND.



THE WHITE RIDER STOPS THE CHIEF, AND  
TELLS HIM OF A PLAN HE HAS.

BUT HOW WE YOU'LL SEE HOW LATER! JUST TAKE  
CATCH-UM YOUR MEN AND CLOSE THAT EXIT FROM  
THIEF? THE VALLEY, AND DON'T  
FORGET THE SIGNAL!

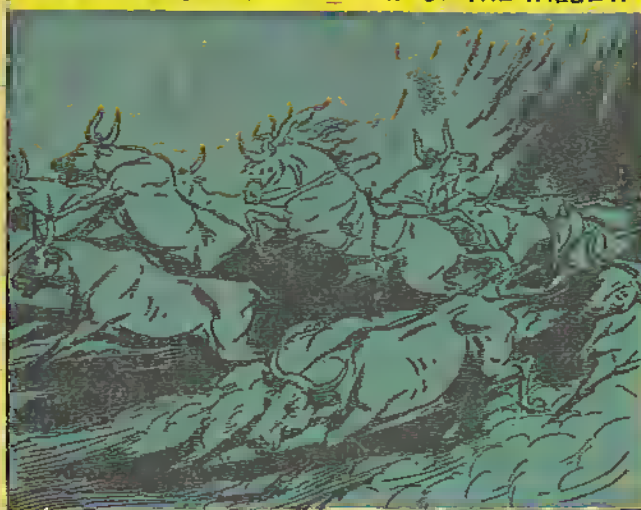


WHEN THE EXIT IS CLOSED, THERE SOUNDS  
THE CRY OF THE WHIPPOORWILL, THE  
SIGNAL FOR SUPERHORSE TO GO INTO ACTION.





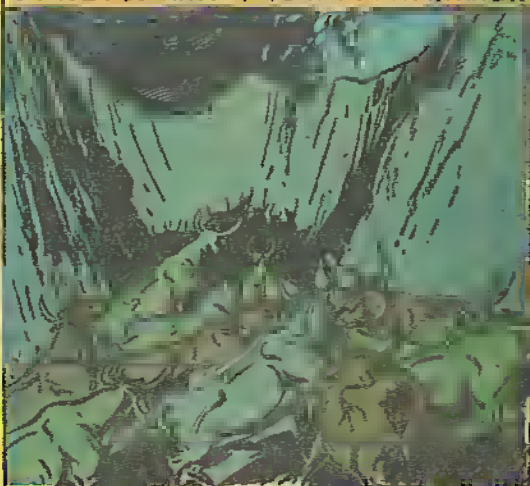
**SUPERHORSE GETS THE CATTLE MOVING AND HEADS THEM TOWARD THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY.**



WHAT'S THAT? THE LAW? NAW! JUST A STAMPEDE! WELL COME ON! WE GOTTA STOP 'EM!



**THE EXIT FROM THE VALLEY BLOCKED, THE CATTLE POUR INTO A STONE POCKET NEAR BY.**



IF THE LAW SEES THEM CATTLE, WE'RE DONE FER! I HOPE THOSE AGENTS STILL TIED UP! YEAH! COME ON! HURRY!



**THE THIEVES FOLLOW THE CATTLE INTO THE POCKET, THEN THE INDIANS LEAVE THEIR HIDING PLACES AND RUSH TO THE ENTRANCE.**



**THEY TRAP THE THIEVES, ONE OF THEM THE RANCHER WHO SOLD THE INDIAN AGENT THE CATTLE.**

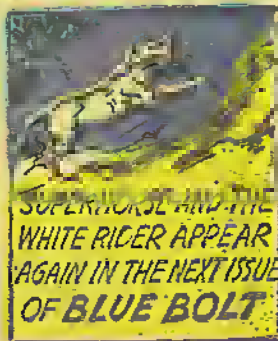


SO YOU STOLE THE CATTLE BACK AFTER GIVING THE INDIAN AGENT THE RECEIPT FOR PAYMENT? WHERE'S THE AGENT NOW?



TIED UP! WE WERE SAVIN' HIM IN CASE WE GOT INTO TROUBLE. HE'S UP THE HILL IN A SHACK.

HEAP PLENTY MEAT NOW-THANK-UM TO GOD HORSE!



**SUPERHORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER APPEAR AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT**



# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

WIE  
FER



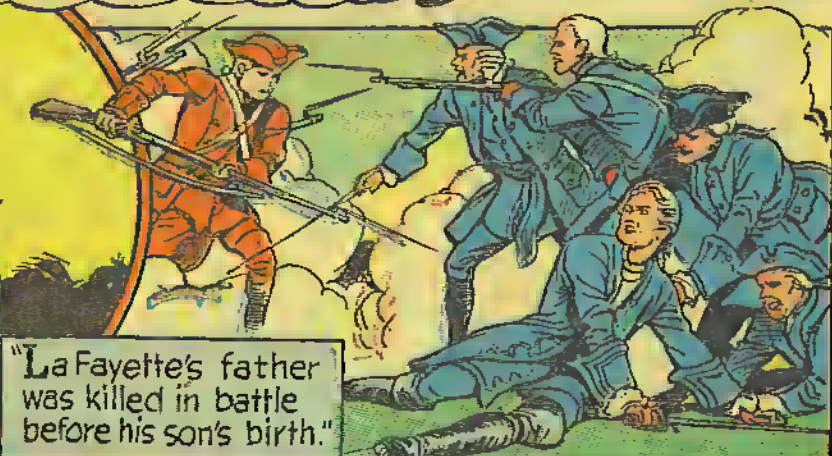
Old Cap Hawkins, the Retired Mariner, tells his little pal, Joey, tales of great men and the traditions they made.

SON, WHEN I READ OF TYRANNY LIKE THIS I THINK OF THE GREAT FRIEND OF FREEDOM WHO SAID:

"LIBERTY - LONG LIVE LIBERTY!"



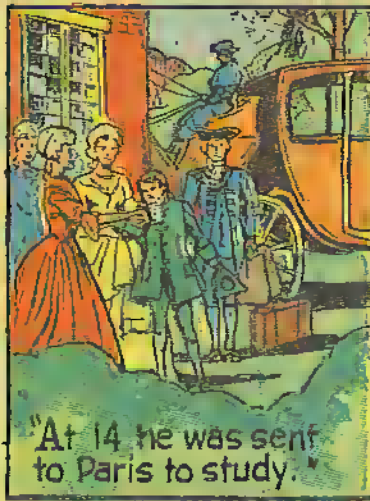
La Fayette



"La Fayette's father was killed in battle before his son's birth."



"The boy was raised by his mother and two aunts."

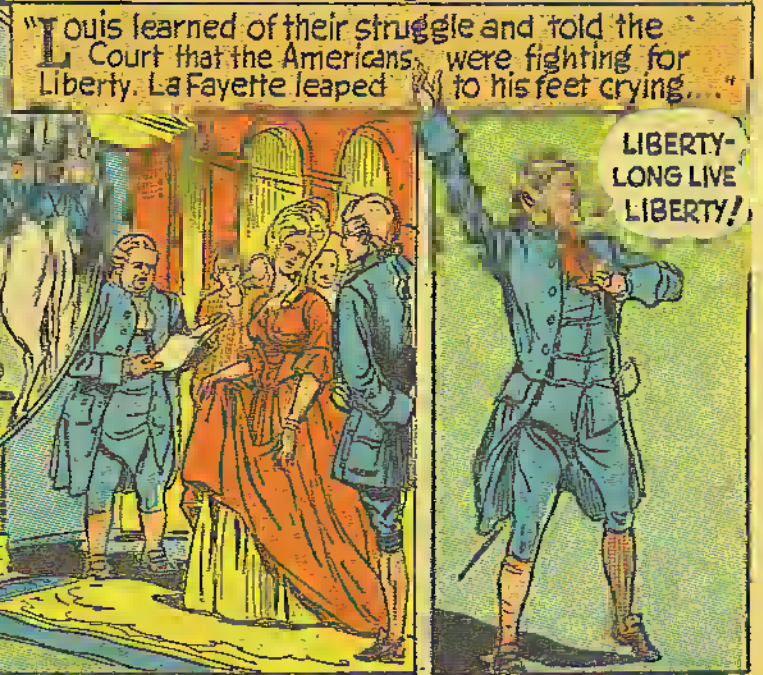
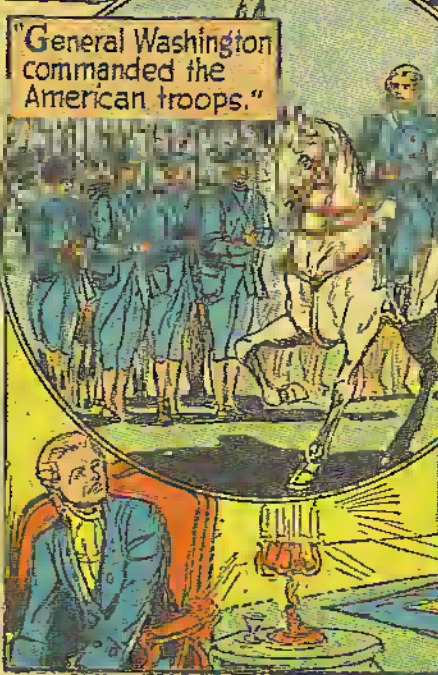
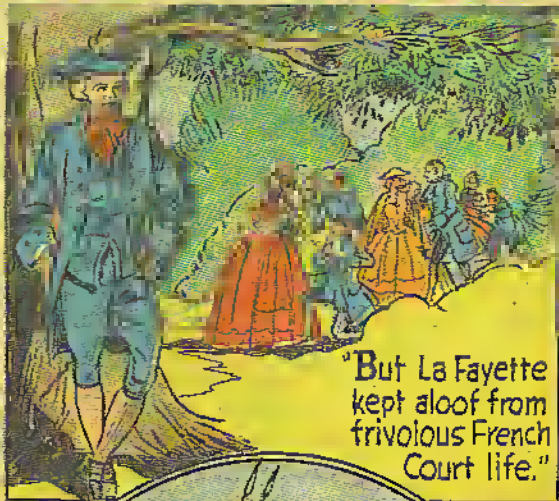


"At 14 he was sent to Paris to study."



"There he entered a famous military school."







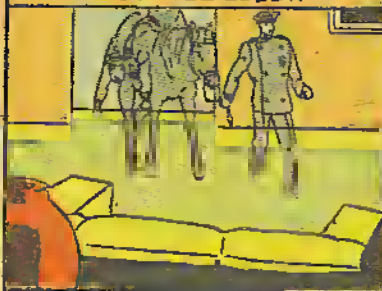
# Sergeant Spook



**MALCOLM  
KILDALE**

**SERGEANT SPOOK, THE GHOST COP, HAS CAPTURED JESSE JAMES AND HIS GHOST GANG IN A HOTEL AFTER JESSE JAMES HELD UP A TRAIN. IN A TERRIFIC FIGHT, SERGEANT SPOOK KNOCKS THE GANG OUT, BUT HE HASN'T AS YET RECOVERED THE MAIL BAG JESSE JAMES STOLE.**

**WITH THE GHOST GANG PILED ON JESSE'S GHOST HORSE, SERGEANT SPOOK MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE HOTEL LOBBY.**



**H-M-M-NOW THAT I'VE CAUGHT THIS GANG WHAT WILL I DO WITH THEM? I CAN'T TAKE THEM TO THE CITY JAIL, BECAUSE THEY CAN WALK THROUGH THE BARS AND BE FREE AGAIN!**



**AS SERGEANT SPOOK REACHES THE STREET, HE HEARS SOMEONE CALL HIM.**



**TURNING, SPOOK COMES FACE TO FACE WITH ANOTHER GHOST.**



**MY DEAR FELLOW, I AM DOCTOR SHERLOCK WE GHOSTS COME FROM GHOST-TOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY. HAVEN'T YOU EVER BEEN THERE?**





NO, I HAVEN'T! H-M-M! DON'T  
KNOW HOW WE MISSED  
SENDING FOR YOU! WHERE HAVE  
YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF?



# **SERGEANT SPOOK EXPLAINS HIS CAREER AS A GHOST CRIME BUSTER.**

YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE RULES  
OF GHOST TOWN TO BE HOBNOBBIN'  
WITH MORTALS. THEY SCARE TOO EASILY.



GHOSTS AREN'T PERMITTED  
TO LEAVE GHOST TOWN.

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING OUT THEN?



I RUN A DETECTIVE AGENCY IN GHOST  
TOWN. WHEN JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG  
LEFT, THE PRESIDENT ISSUED A SPECIAL  
PASS FOR ME AND I WAS COMMISSIONED  
TO BRING THEM BACK- DEAD OR  
ALIVE!



DEAD OR ALIVE? BUT I KNOW!  
THEY'RE GHOSTS LIKE US! SILLY, ISN'T  
IT? THAT'S JUST AN OLD PHRASE  
THAT HAS HUNG ON.



BUT COME! I SEE YOU HAVE  
CAPTURED JESSE AND HIS GANG.  
LET'S GET THEM BACK TO GHOST  
TOWN WHERE THEY MUST STAND  
TRIAL! WE CAN  
TALK AS WE  
TRAVEL.



WITH THE GANG PILED IN THE BACK OF  
A CAR, AND SPOOK AND SHERLOCK IN THE  
FRONT, THEY DRIVE OFF.



YEOW! WHAT TH-?  
THERE GOES A CAR,  
WITH NOBODY IN IT!

YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO  
THAT DOORMAN? WE SCARED  
A YEAR OFF HIS LIFE! THAT'S  
WHY NO ONE IS PERMITTED  
TO LEAVE GHOST  
TOWN!



YOU WERE SAYING  
SOMETHING ABOUT A  
PRESIDENT OF GHOST TOWN.



OH, YES! WE GHOSTS REALIZED  
SOMETIME BACK THAT A  
DEMOCRACY IS THE BEST FORM  
OF GOVERNMENT.



OF COURSE WE HAVE SOME FORMER  
KINGS WHO OBJECTED, BUT, HERE  
WE COME TO GHOST TOWN. NOW YOU  
WILL SEE THINGS FOR YOURSELF.



LEAVING THE CAR, SERGEANT SPOOK  
AND DOCTOR SHERLOCK ENTER THE GATES  
OF GHOST TOWN WITH THEIR PRISONERS.





IN GHOST TOWN, SERGEANT SPOOK IS SURPRISED TO FIND GHOSTS OF ALL RACES AND AGES DRESSED IN THE STYLE OF THE PERIOD IN WHICH THEY LIVED. BECAUSE EVERYONE IS A GHOST, THE PEOPLE AND BUILDINGS IN GHOST TOWN LOSE THEIR TRANSPARENCY.



HAVING LODGED JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG IN JAIL, DOCTOR SHERLOCK ANSWERS SOME OF SERGEANT SPOOK'S QUESTIONS.

HAVE YOU ANY POOR PEOPLE HERE? NO, WE HAVEN'T. EVERY ONE IS ALIKE. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS MONEY.



LOOK AT THAT MAN OVER THERE PLAYING HIS VIOLIN AND TRYING TO KEEP WARM. OH-HIM? THAT'S NERO!



HIS GHOST LIFE WAS VERY UNHAPPY WHEN HE FIRST CAME HERE, BUT A SPECIAL DECREE FIXED THAT. NOW, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A CITY FIREMAN, HE IS ALLOWED TO BUILD A BONFIRE AND WHILE IT BURNS HE PLAYS HIS FIDDLE. HE'S HAPPY NOW.



YOU SEE MANY OF OUR GHOSTS BRING SOME OF THEIR FORMER TRAITS WITH THEM-LIKE JESSE JAMES FOR INSTANCE-WHO STILL ROBBS TRAINS. BUT COME-I'LL TAKE YOU NIGHTSFEILING.



JUST THEN, JESSE JAMES MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM.



LOOK! JESSE IS -

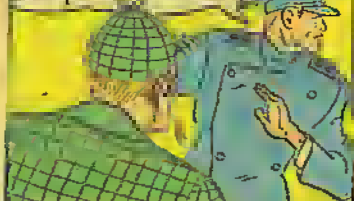
NO YOU DON'T, PAL!

SOCK!



WITH THE JAMES GANG SAFELY BACK IN THE GHOST TOWN JAIL, SPOOK AND SHERLOCK START THEIR TOUR OF THE CITY.

I SEE YOU HAVE RABBLE ROUSERS HERE, TOO. WHO IS THAT?



DOWN WITH EVERYTHING! THAT'S JULIUS CAESAR! HE AND ALL THE OTHER FORMER KINGS AND EMPERORS ARE ALLOWED TO SHOOT OFF THEIR MOUTH ONCE A WEEK IN THIS PAR





THEY'RE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, OF COURSE, BUT NO ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO THEM. THEY'RE FULL OF PROMISES - BUT THAT'S ALL



WHAT DOES CAESAR DO WHEN HE'S NOT COMPLAINING?



OH, HE FLOATS UP AND DOWN THE RIVER ON CLEOPATRA'S BARGE!

SUDDENLY SPOOK AND SHERLOCK HEAR A CRY OF HELP AND RUSH TO THE SCENE.



HELP! ROBBERS!

THEY CATCH UP TO THE THIEVES AND A BATTLE ROYAL FOLLOWS.



SOCK!



BAM!



WHACK!

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?



THE FORTY THIEVES OF BAGDAD!



THAT WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP FOR A COUPLE OF ARABIAN NIGHTS!



THE THIEVES ARE SUBDUED AND PUT IN JAIL.

HOW COME THESE GANGS DON'T BREAK OUT OF JAIL BY WALKING THROUGH THE BARS OR WALLS?



WELL, YOU SEE, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN INVENTED A NEW TYPE GHOST PROOF STEEL AND THAT PREVENTS THEM FROM ESCAPING.



YOU SPOKE OF A PRESIDENT BEFORE. WHAT'S HIS NAME? THE FATHER OF OUR DEMOCRACY, GEORGE WASHINGTON! HE'S GIVEN US SOME GREAT LAWS - LAWS THAT KEEP US TOGETHER AS ONE PEOPLE.





LOOK AT THE MOB COMING  
THROUGH THAT GATE OVER THERE



YES-OUR POPULATION IS MOUNT-  
ING RAPIDLY, THESE PEOPLE ARE  
FROM THE WAR-TORN WORLD. THEY  
HAVE TRAVELED FAR TO REACH  
OUR DEMOCRATIC GHOST TOWN  
BECAUSE THEY REALIZE  
HOW WRONG  
DICTATOR-  
SHIPS ARE



LISTEN-SOMEONE'S RINGING  
A BELL!

YES, MY FRIEND! THAT'S  
THE TOWN CRIER. LET'S  
HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.



HEAR YE! HEAR YE! TOMORROW  
BEGINS THE TRIAL OF THE JESSE  
JAMES GANG-BEFORE  
JUSTICE KING  
SOLOMON!



JUSTICE WORKS FAST HERE,  
DOESN'T IT?

YES, WE DON'T WASTE TIME! BUT COME-YOU  
MUST SPEND THE NIGHT  
AT MY HOUSE.

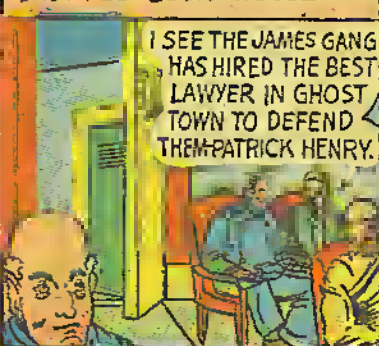


THE NEXT DAY SPOOK AND SHERLOCK  
MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE COURT HOUSE

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'LL DO TO THIS  
GANG? FRANKLY, I  
DON'T KNOW.  
WE DON'T HAVE  
A TRIAL VERY OFTEN  
IN GHOST TOWN.



SPOOK AND SHERLOCK ENTER THE  
CROWDED COURT HOUSE.



I SEE THE JAMES GANG  
HAS HIRED THE BEST  
LAWYER IN GHOST  
TOWN TO DEFEND  
THEM-PATRICK HENRY.

AND HE'S OPPOSED BY OUR NEW D.A.  
-DANIEL WEBSTER. THIS SHOULD  
BE SOME BATTLE!



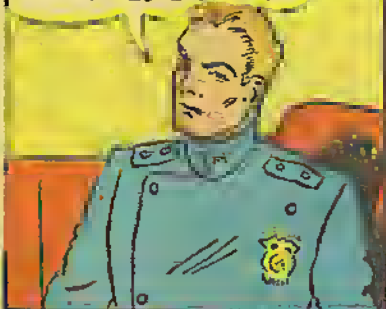
ORDER IN THE COURT! THE TRIAL  
OF THE STATE VS. JESSE  
JAMES AND HIS GANG IS  
READY TO BEGIN.



JESSE JAMES AND HIS  
GANG ARE CHARGED  
WITH LEAVING GHOST  
TOWN WITHOUT A PERMIT  
AND STEALING FROM  
MURIALS!



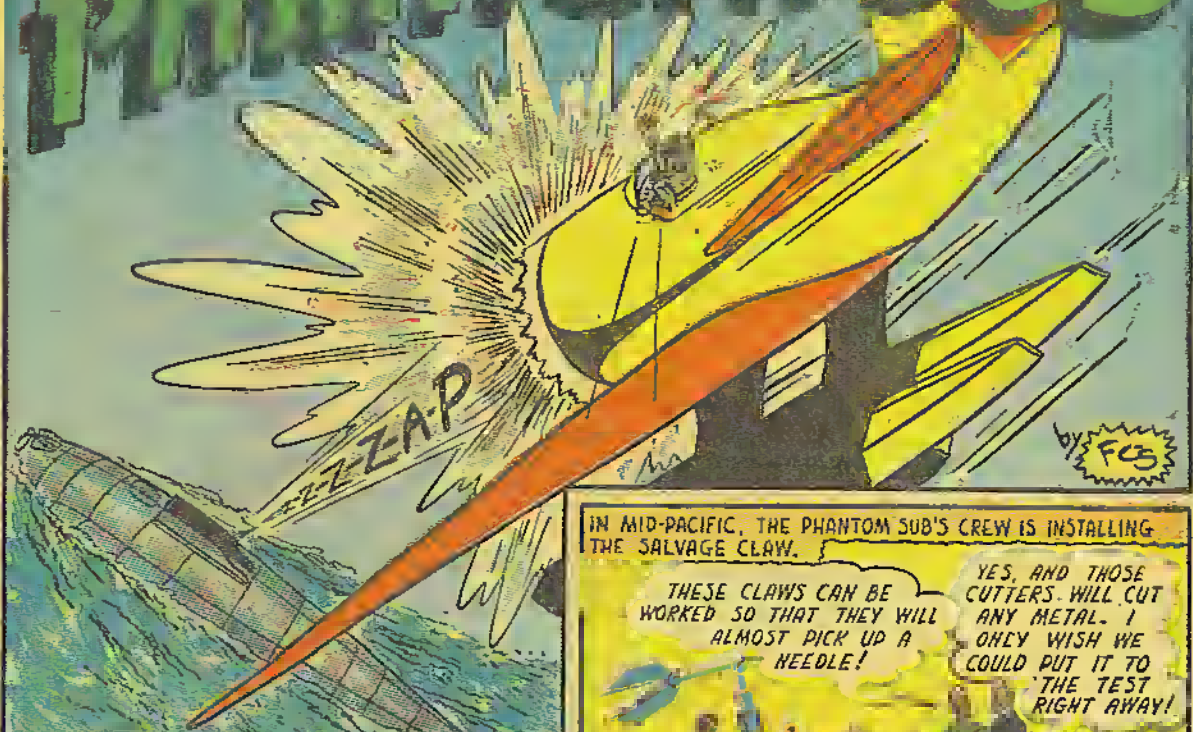
BOY! I'M SURE LEARNING A  
LOT! I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL  
DO TO JESSE JAMES?



NEXT MONTH  
*Sergeant*  
**SPOOK**  
AND THE TRIAL OF  
JESSE JAMES



# The PHANTOM SUB



OUTLAWED, BUT ALWAYS SEEKING TO RIGHT WRONGS, THE PHANTOM SUB ROAMS THE SEAS. INSTRUMENTAL IN THE PHANTOM SUB'S FIGHT AGAINST NAUTICAL CRIME IS THE INGENIOUS WATER GUN WHICH SHOOTS PROJECTILES OF ELECTRIFIED WATER. NOW ANOTHER CLEVER INVENTION COMES TO LIGHT - THE SALVAGE CLAW!

IN MID-PACIFIC, THE PHANTOM SUB'S CREW IS INSTALLING THE SALVAGE CLAW.

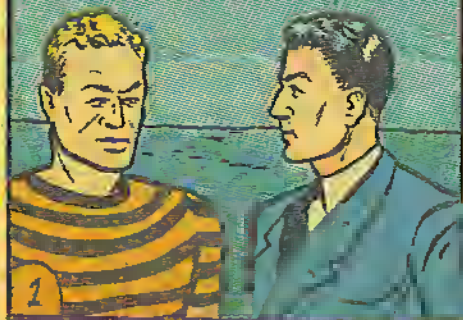
THESE CLAWS CAN BE WORKED SO THAT THEY WILL ALMOST PICK UP A NEEDLE!

YES, AND THOSE CUTTERS WILL CUT ANY METAL. I ONLY WISH WE COULD PUT IT TO THE TEST RIGHT AWAY!

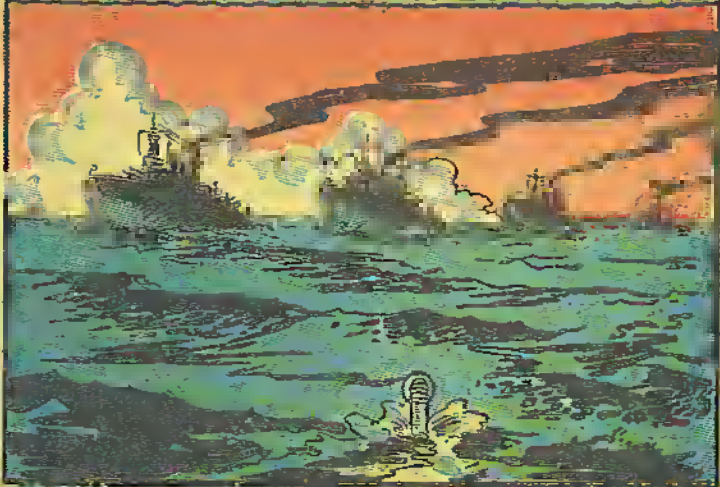


A LARGE FLEET OF SHIPS TO STARBOARD, JACK!

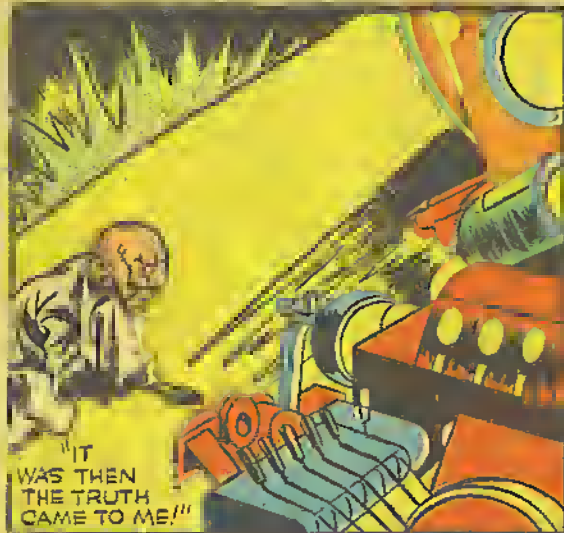
WE'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE THEN. FOLD IN THE CLAW AND STAND BY TO SUBMERGE!



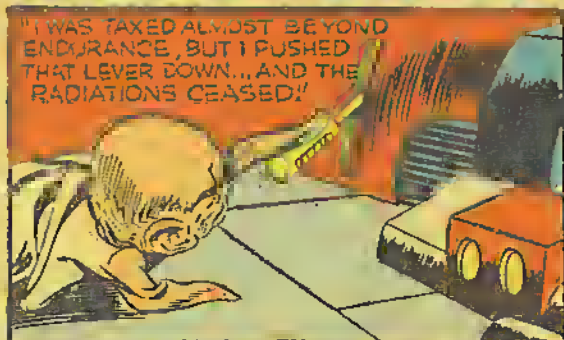
THE ONCOMING SHIPS TURN OUT TO BE THE UNITED STATES BATTLE FLEET HOLDING MANOEUVRES.



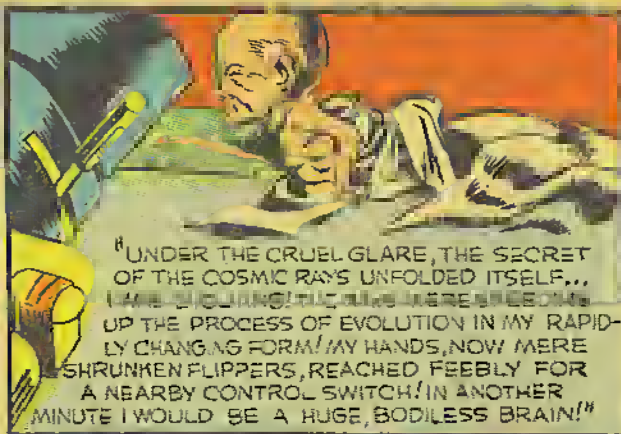




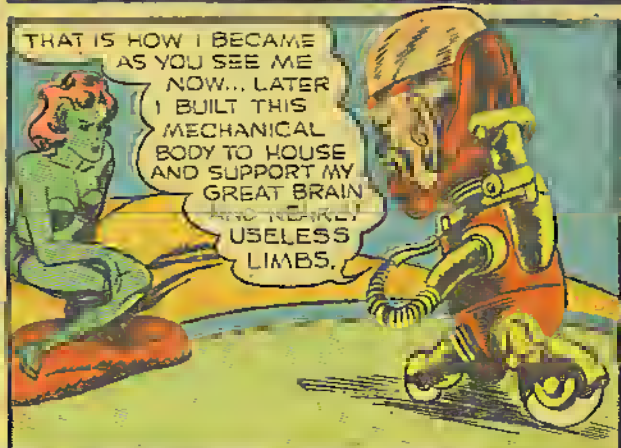
"IT WAS THEN THE TRUTH CAME TO ME!"



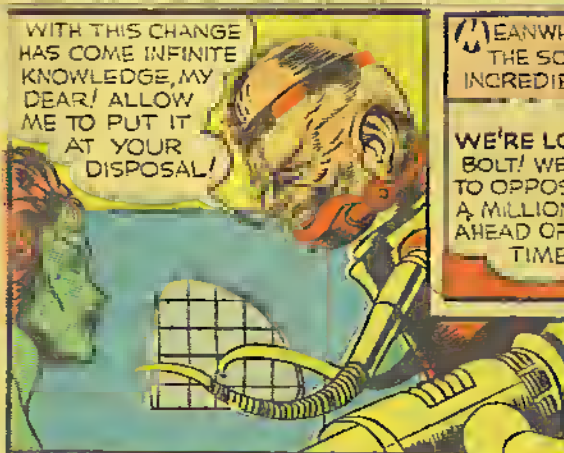
"I WAS TAXED ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE, BUT I PUSHED THAT LEVER DOWN... AND THE RADIATIONS CEASED!"



"UNDER THE CRUEL GLARE, THE SECRET OF THE COSMIC RAYS UNFOLDED ITSELF... I WAS SHEDDING MY OLD FORM, AND BECOMING UP THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION IN MY RAPIDLY CHANGING FORM! MY HANDS, NOW WERE SHRUNKEN FLIPPERS, REACHED FEEBLY FOR A NEARBY CONTROL SWITCH! IN ANOTHER MINUTE I WOULD BE A HUGE, BODILESS BRAIN!"



THAT IS HOW I BECAME AS YOU SEE ME NOW... LATER I BUILT THIS MECHANICAL BODY TO HOUSE AND SUPPORT MY GREAT BRAIN AND NEARLY USELESS LIMBS.

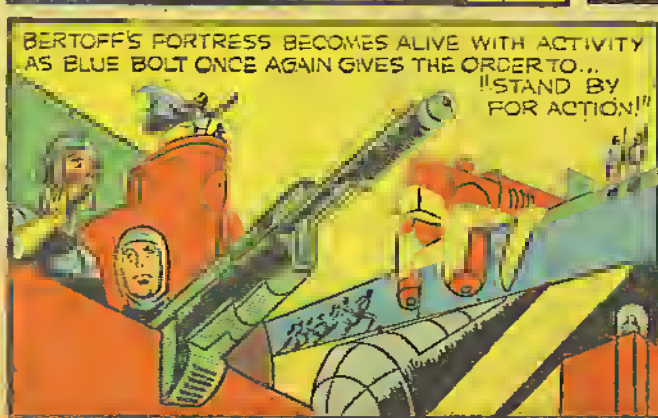


WITH THIS CHANGE HAS COME INFINITE KNOWLEDGE, MY DEAR! ALLOW ME TO PUT IT AT YOUR DISPOSAL!

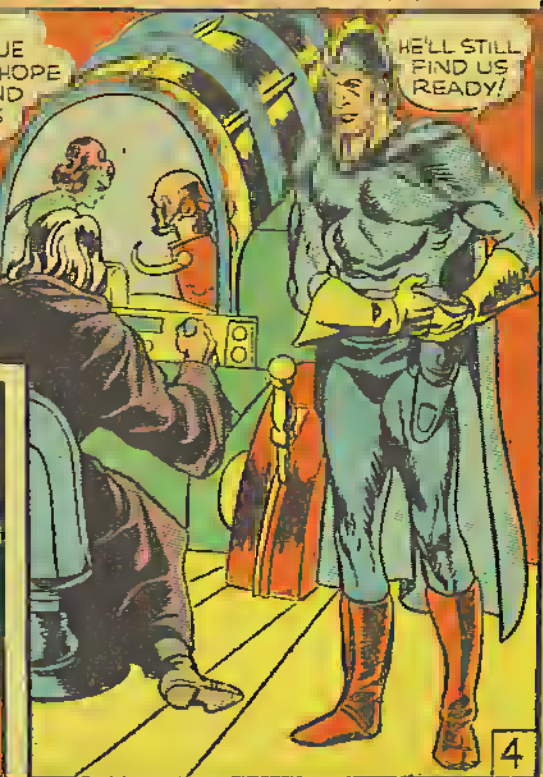
MEANWHILE, DOCTOR BERTOFTT AND BLUE BOLT WITNESS THE SCENE BETWEEN THE GREEN SORCERESS AND HER INCREDIBLE ALLY... BERTOFTT GASPS IN DESPAIR!

WE'RE LOST... BLUE BOLT! WE CAN'T HOPE TO OPPOSE A MIND A MILLION YEARS AHEAD OF OUR TIME!

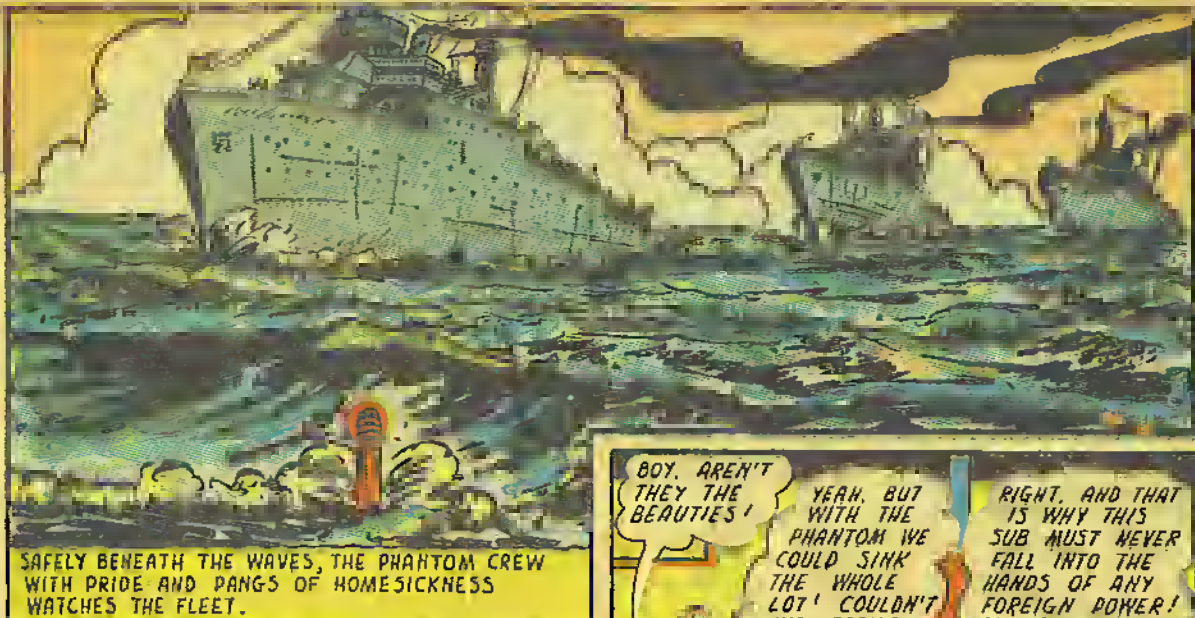
HE'LL STILL FIND US READY!



BERTOFTT'S FORTRESS BECOMES ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY AS BLUE BOLT ONCE AGAIN GIVES THE ORDER TO... "STAND BY FOR ACTION!"

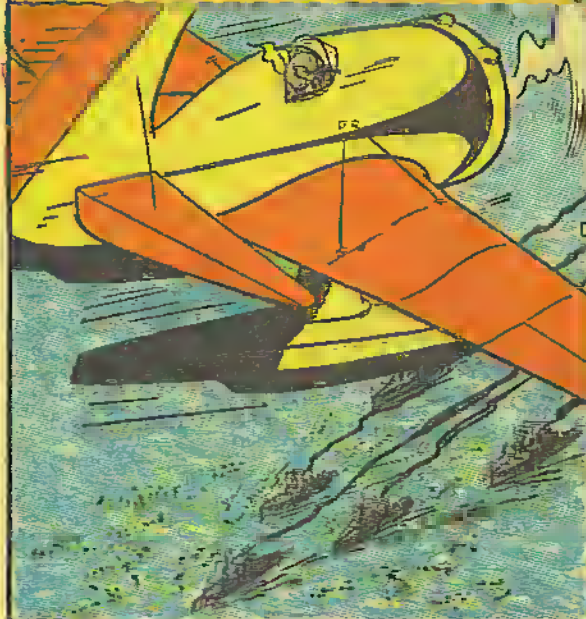






SAFELY BENEATH THE WAVES, THE PHANTOM CREW WITH PRIDE AND PANGS OF HOMESICKNESS WATCHES THE FLEET.

MEANWHILE - HIGH IN THE AIR, A STRANGE, UN-IDENTIFIED PLANE WATCHES THE U.S. FLEET.



NOT MANY MILES AWAY - THE PILOT'S MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY A FLEET OF TRAWLERS.

OUR PILOT REPORTS THAT THE AMERICAN FLEET APPROACHES! STATIONS ALL! LAY YOUR MINES AS DIRECTED!



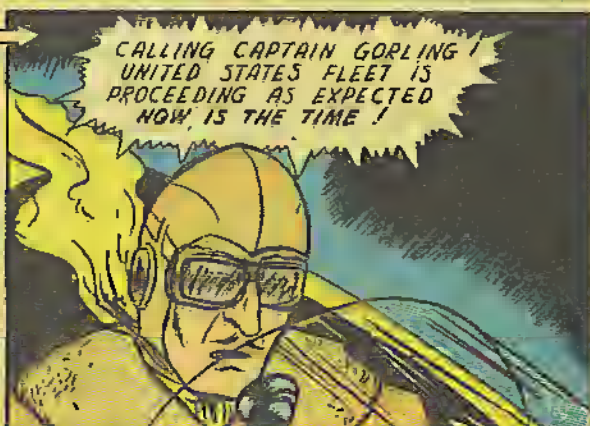
BOY, AREN'T THEY THE BEAUTIES!

YEAH, BUT WITH THE PHANTOM WE COULD SINK THE WHOLE LOT! COULDN'T WE, JACK?

RIGHT, AND THAT IS WHY THIS SUB MUST NEVER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF ANY FOREIGN POWER! BUT RIGHT NOW ELSEWHERE!



CALLING CAPTAIN GORLING! UNITED STATES FLEET IS PROCEEDING AS EXPECTED NOW, IS THE TIME!

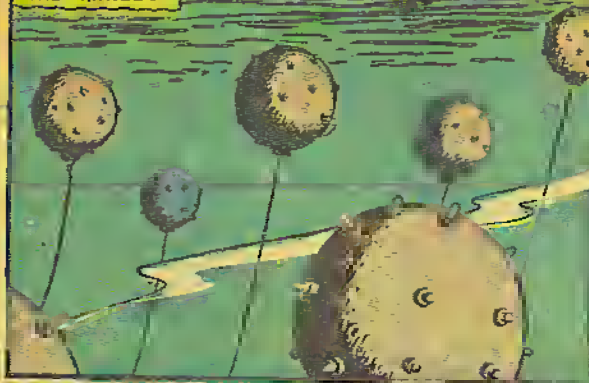


AHA! THAT AMERICAN FLEET WILL BE RIGHT IN THIS MINE FIELD BEFORE THEY REALIZE A THING! POOF! - AND THERE IS NO FLEET! THEN, UNMOLESTED OUR ARMIES SHALL SWEEP THE U.S.!

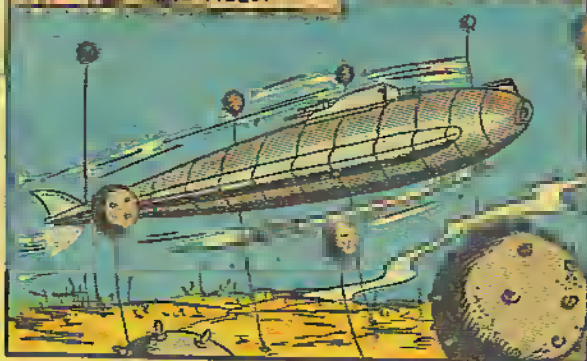




SOON THE TRAWLERS HAVE STUDD THE SEA WITH THE MINES.



NOW, FAR AHEAD OF THE U.S. FLEET, THE PHANTOM SUB NARROWLY AVERTS DISASTER AS IT SPEEDS INTO THE MINE FIELD.



INSIDE THE SUB.

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

BUT WHAT IS A MINE FIELD DOING IN THESE WATERS?

SURFACE THE PHANTOM! WE'LL SEE WHAT GOES ON UPSTAIRS.



LOOK, JACK, THAT FLEET OF FISHING BOATS IS LAYING DOWN THE MINES!

YEAH, BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA? I DON'T GET IT!



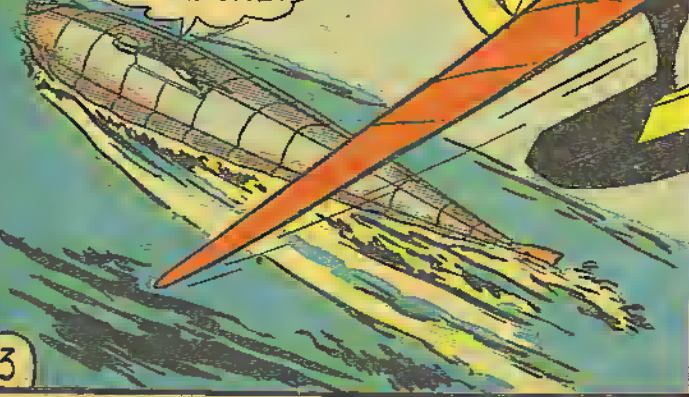
HIGH OVERHEAD THE UNIDENTIFIED PILOT SEES THE PHANTOM SUB.

HEY, WHAT'S THAT SUB DOING? THEY CAN'T SPOIL OUR PLANS! -I'LL MAKE SURE THAT THEY DON'T!

HA, HA! THIS WILL BE LIKE SWATTING FLIES!

WHY THE DIRTY RAT'S STRAFING US! DOWN THE HATCH!

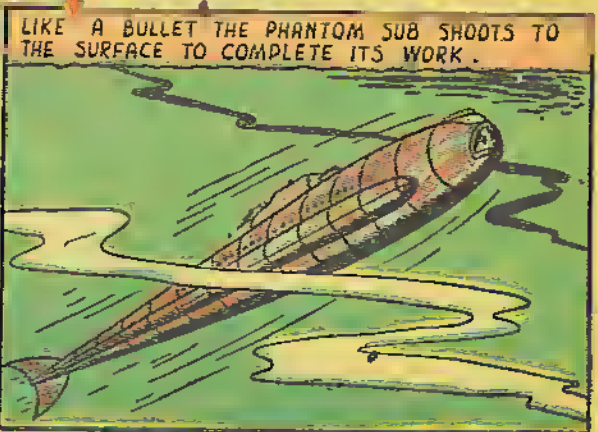
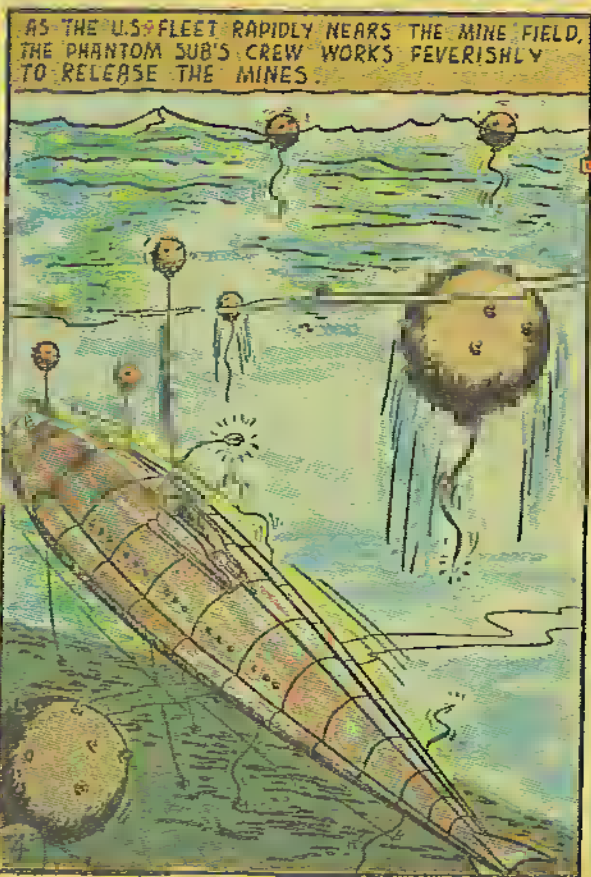
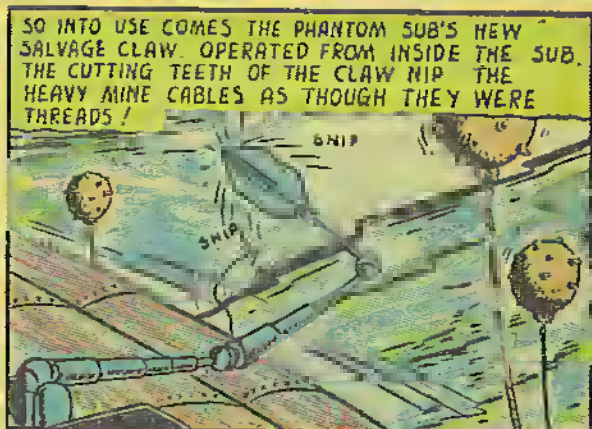
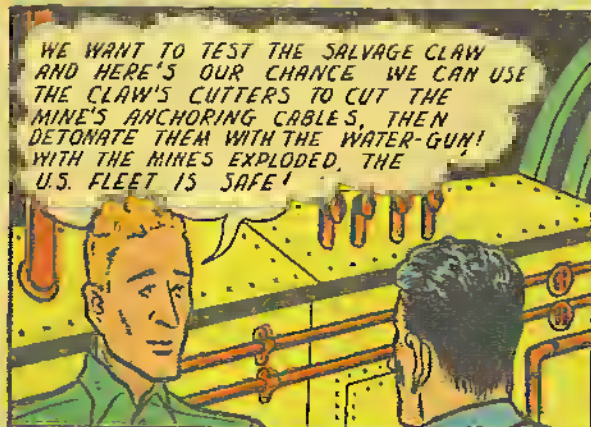
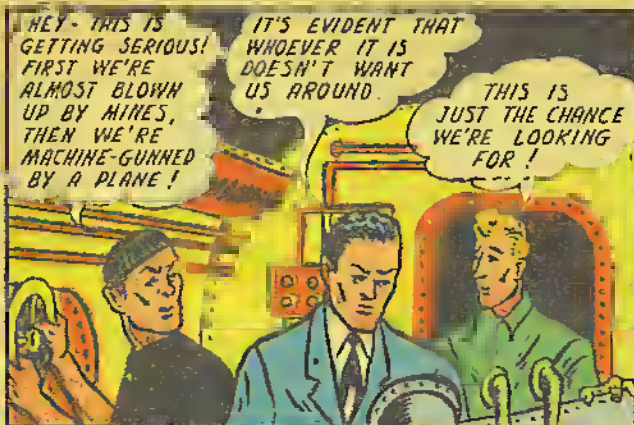
CRASH DIVE!



BUT THE BOYS ESCAPE THE RAIN OF BULLETS AS THE PHANTOM SUB CRASH-DIVES TO SAFETY.





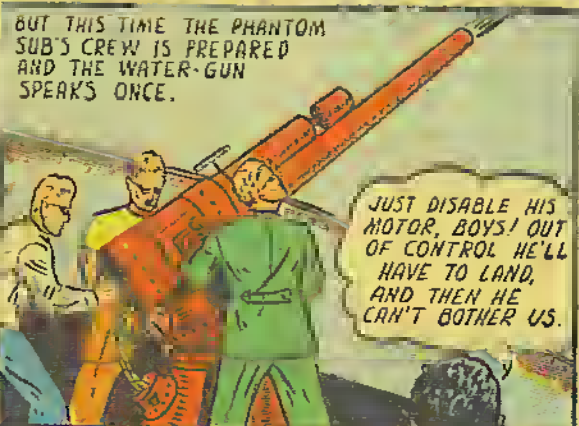
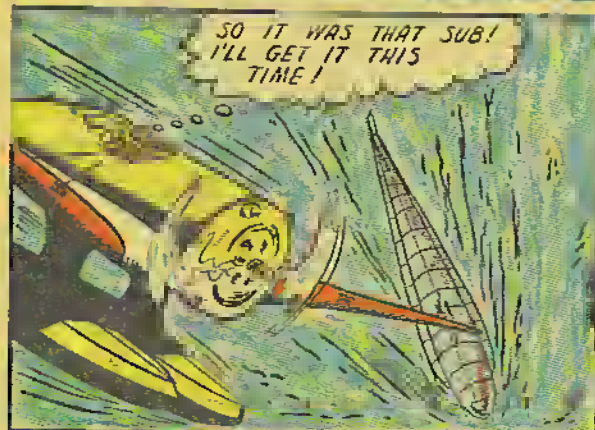




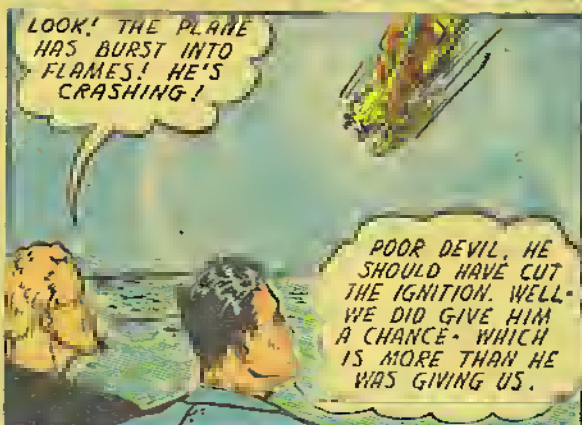
MEANWHILE - IN THE PLANE OVERHEAD, THE PILOT SEES THE FLOATING MINES AND RADIOS THE TRAWLERS.



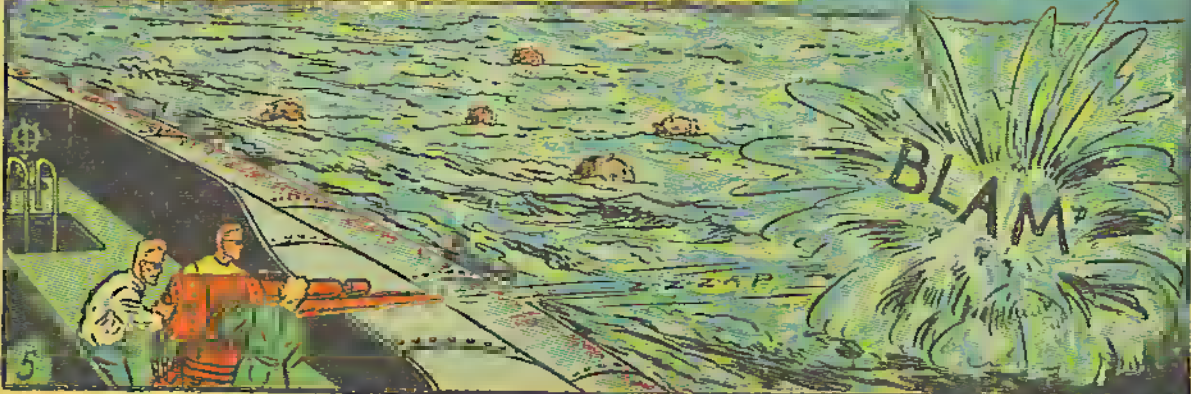
RECEIVING THE MESSAGE, THE TRAWLER FLEET HEADS TOWARD A SMALL DIM ISLAND.



THE ELECTRIFIED PROJECTILE SMASHES INTO THE MOTOR OF THE PLANE, STALLING IT.



SOON THE SUB IS SPEEDING ALONG DETONATING THE MINES -





WHILE ABOARD THE U.S. FLEET—

JERUSEPHAT!  
WHAT'S THAT?

SEARCH ME—BUT  
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!  
FULL SPEED  
AHEAD!



UNDER FORCED DRAFT THE U.S. FLEET LEAPS  
AHEAD.



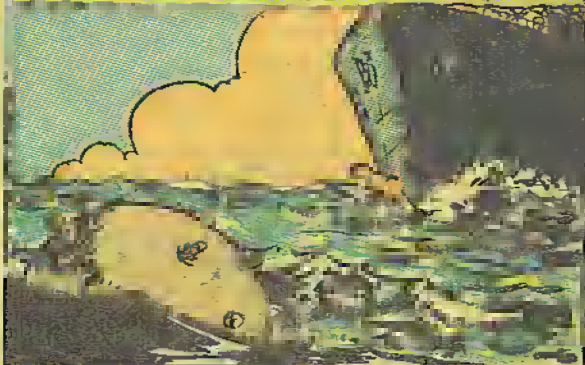
ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB—

I GUESS WE'VE GOT THEM  
ALL, BOYS. HERE COMES  
THE FLEET! — LET'S GO!

NO, WAIT!  
LOOK!



DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF AN ONRUSHING CRUISER  
THEY SEE A BOBBING MINE!

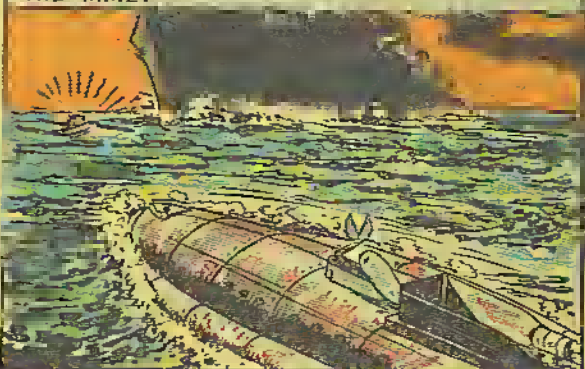


THEY DON'T SEE IT!  
THEY'LL BE BLOWN  
TO BITS!

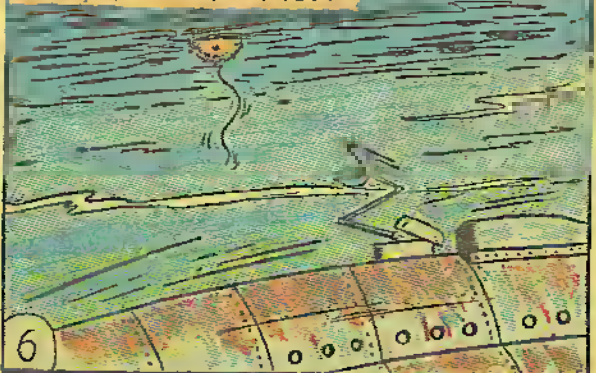
FULL SPEED  
AHEAD! AND  
SWING OUT THE  
SALVAGE  
CLAW!



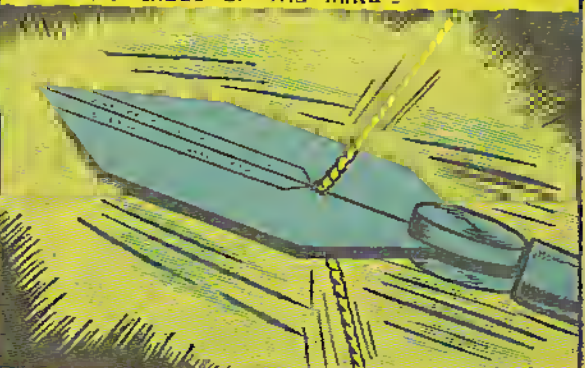
AT FULL SPEED THE SUB RACES TO REACH  
THE MINE.



GETTING THERE FIRST, THE SUB DIVES UNDER THE  
MINE, THE CLAW POISED.



WITH A SNAP, THE FLAT JAWS CLOSE ON THE  
DANGLING CABLE OF THE MINE.





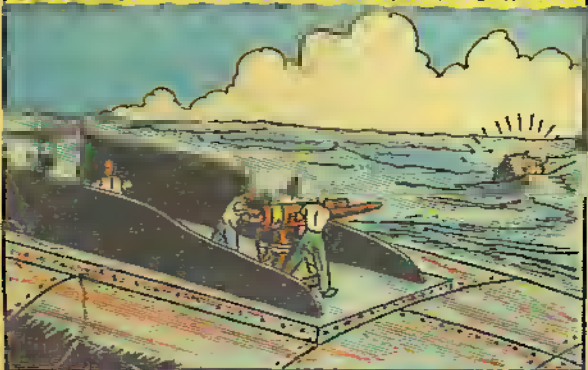
JUST AS THE CRUISER IS ABOUT TO STRIKE THE MINE, THE PHANTOM SUB PULLS THE SPIKED BOMB OUT OF THE WAY.



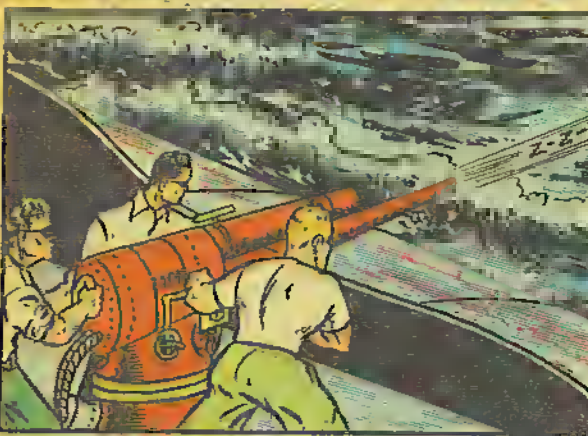
THEN THE SALVAGE CLAW RELEASES THE MINE, AND IT SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE.



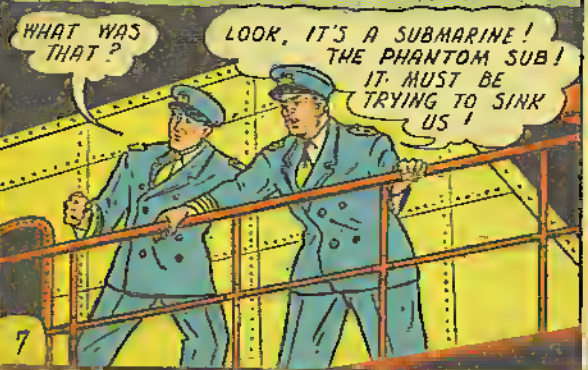
QUICKLY THE PHANTOM SUB BREAKS THE SURFACE, THE CREW LEAPS TO THE GUN.



A PROJECTILE OF COMPRESSED WATER DETONATES THE MINE BEFORE THOSE ON BOARD THE CRUISER REALIZE WHAT IS HAPPENING.



THE CONCUSSION ROCKS THE CRUISER -- AND THE CREW TURNS IN AMAZEMENT.



GET THAT SUB IF YOU HAVE TO USE EVERY DEPTH BOMB ABOARD! RADIO THE OTHER SHIPS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT! MAN THE HYDROPHONES! IT CAN'T GET AWAY!

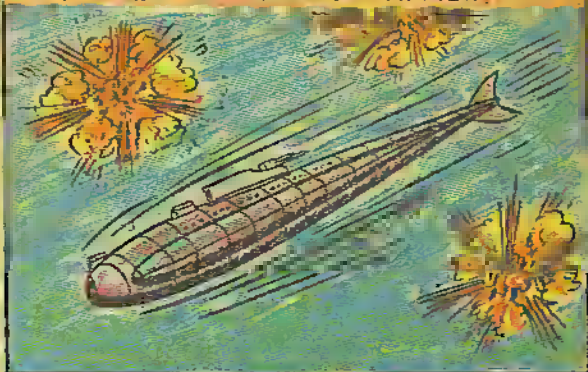




THE BATTLESHIPS FILL THE WATER WITH DEPTH BOMBS.



BUT THE UNBELIEVABLE SPEED OF THE SUB SOON CARRIES IT FAR FROM DANGER.



ABOARD THE CRUISER—

THAT SUB HAS COMPLETELY VANISHED, SIR! NEITHER OUR HYDROPHONES NOR THOSE OF THE OTHER SHIPS CAN TRACE IT!

WE'LL GET IT YET! HAVE A MESSAGE SENT TO EVERY SHIP AT SEA, WARNING THEM OF THAT SUB!



ALL CRAFT BE ON LOOKOUT FOR PHANTOM SUB! — IT HAS JUST TRIED TO WRECK THE U.S. FLEET!



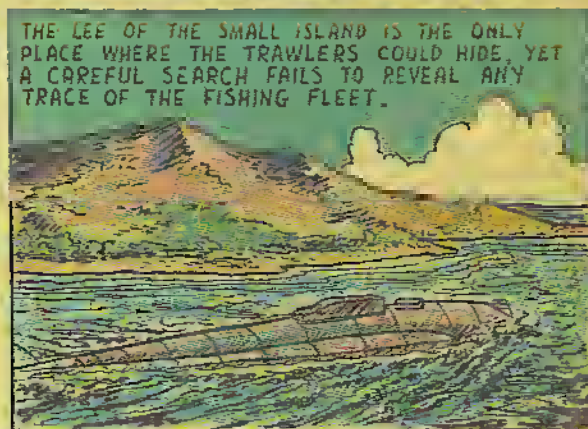
ABOARD THE SUB THEY HEAR THE RADIO MESSAGE.

THERE WE GO AGAIN. WE SAVE THE FLEET AND WE'RE BLAMED FOR TRYING TO WRECK IT!

FORGET IT, TED. OUR JOB NOW IS TO FIND THOSE TRAWLERS!

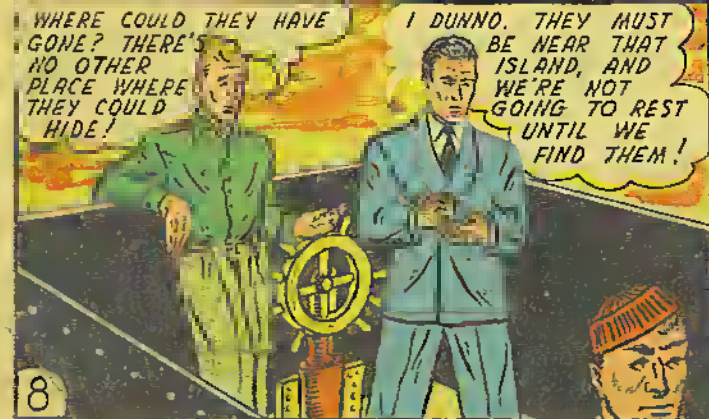


THE LEE OF THE SMALL ISLAND IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THE TRAWLERS COULD HIDE, YET A CAREFUL SEARCH FAILS TO REVEAL ANY TRACE OF THE FISHING FLEET.



WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE? THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE WHERE THEY COULD HIDE!

I DUNNO. THEY MUST BE NEAR THAT ISLAND, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO REST UNTIL WE FIND THEM!



THE LIFE OF OUTLAWS IS PROVING DIFFICULT FOR OUR YOUNG ADVENTURERS. THEY FOIL A DIRE PLOT AND INSTEAD OF RECEIVING PRAISE FOR THEIR EFFORT, THEY ARE THOUGHT GUILTY OF TRYING TO DESTROY THE U.S. FLEET! BUT WILL THEY FIND THE REAL CRIMINALS — THE TRAWLERS AND THEIR CREWS? ANOTHER PHANTOM SUB EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

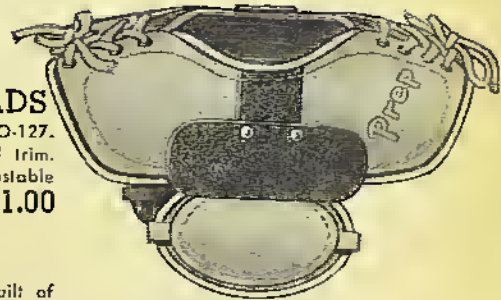
OF  
**BLUE BOLT COMICS!**



# START YOUR TREASURE CHEST NOW!

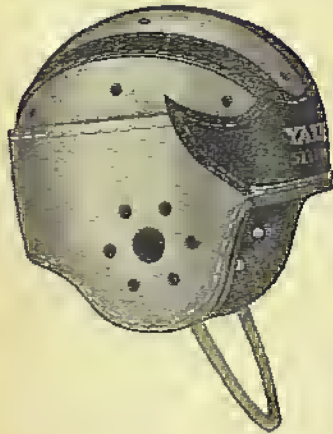
## MO-128 — SHOULDER PADS

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Made of genuine top grain cowhide. Official size; double lined; all rubber valve bladder; inflating needle. You'll be amazed at the fine quality of this ball. And what a beauty! It looks like real money—and it is, too. Comes deflated, already laced. **\$2.00**



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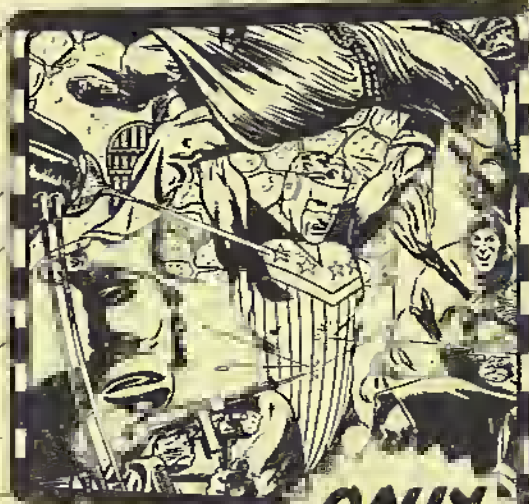
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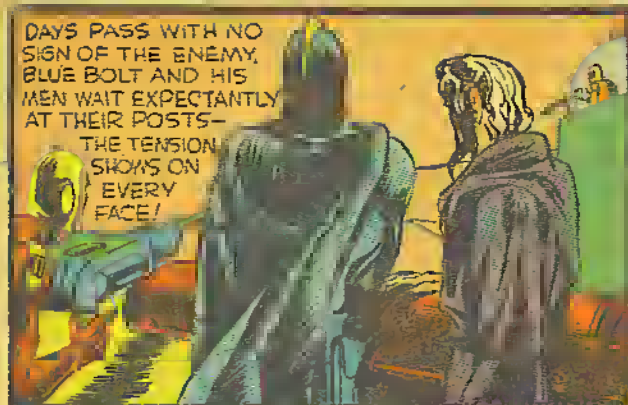
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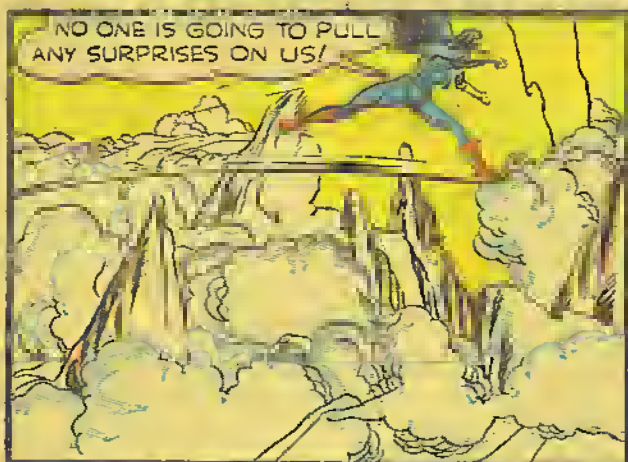
DAYS PASS WITH NO SIGN OF THE ENEMY. BLUE BOLT AND HIS MEN WAIT EXPECTANTLY AT THEIR POSTS—

THE TENSION SHOWS ON EVERY FACE!



THE WITCH AND BIGHEAD MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING MORE DIABOLICAL THAN INVASION...I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

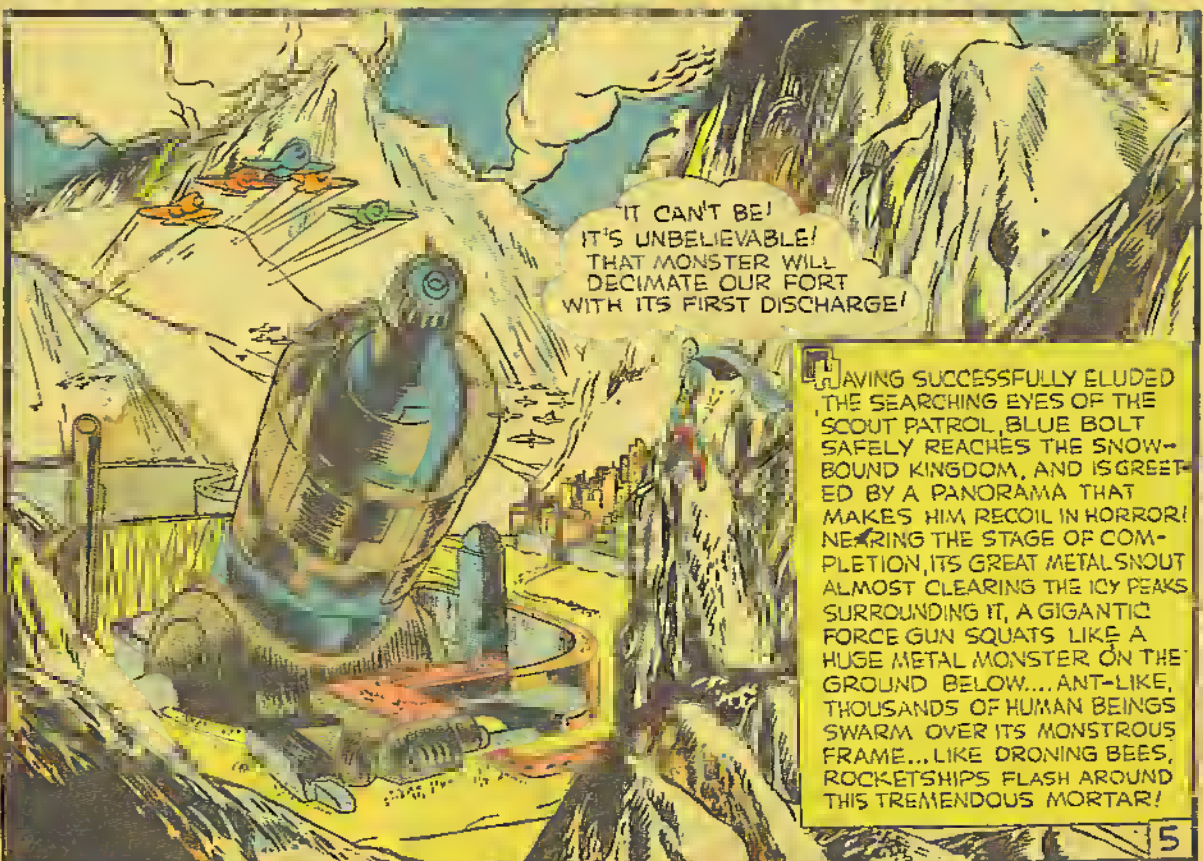
IMPATIENT, BLUE BOLT HEADS FOR THE GREEN KINGDOM.



NO ONE IS GOING TO PULL ANY SURPRISES ON US!



IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE GREEN KINGDOM, THE AIR BECOMES THICK WITH ROCKET PATROLS, FORCING BLUE BOLT TO SEEK COVER IN THE VALLEYS!



IT CAN'T BE! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THAT MONSTER WILL DECIMATE OUR FORT WITH ITS FIRST DISCHARGE!

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY ELUDED THE SEARCHING EYES OF THE SCOUT PATROL, BLUE BOLT SAFELY REACHES THE SNOW-BOUND KINGDOM, AND IS GREETED BY A PANORAMA THAT MAKES HIM RECOIL IN HORROR! NEARING THE STAGE OF COMPLETION, ITS GREAT METAL SNOUT ALMOST CLEARING THE ICY PEAKS SURROUNDING IT, A GIGANTIC FORCE GUN SQUATS LIKE A HUGE METAL MONSTER ON THE GROUND BELOW... ANT-LIKE, THOUSANDS OF HUMAN BEINGS SWARM OVER ITS MONSTROUS FRAME... LIKE DRONING BEES, ROCKETSHIPS FLASH AROUND THIS TREMENDOUS MORTAR!



VENTURING TO GET A CLOSER VIEW OF THE HUGE GUN BLUE BOLT RISKS DISCOVERY...

THIS GUN  
MUST BE ONE  
OF MARTO'S  
IDEAS!

...AND THEN LOSES NO TIME IN CALLING  
BERTOFF TO WARN HIM AND HIS ARMY  
OF THE IMPENDING DANGER!

SEND OUT ALL BOMBING ROCKETS  
AVAILABLE! THIS GUN HAS GOT TO BE  
DESTROYED BEFORE IT IS COMPLETED!

I'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY PATROL ROCKETS!  
I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT  
MY WAY BACK...  
GOOD  
HUNTING,  
BERTOFF!

THE TWO PURSUING  
ROCKETSHIPS GAIN  
STEADILY ON  
BLUE BOLT!

THAT'S BLUE BOLT!  
HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!  
BRING HIM DOWN,  
GHART!

BUT BLUE BOLT  
STRIKES FIRST!  
HIS LIGHTNING GUN  
REDUCES THE SHIP  
FLYING IN THE BACKGROUND!

THE SECOND ROCKET  
STUNS BLUE BOLT WITH  
ITS FORCE GUN!

...AND AN ATTRACTOR BEAM  
DRAWS BLUE BOLT'S LIMP  
FORM TOWARD HIS  
WAITING CAPTORS!



THIS IS ROCKET OFFICER LHANDS.  
OF PURSUIT ROCKET "9".  
I BEG TO REPORT THE CAPTURE  
OF BLUE BOLT, YOUR  
MAJESTY!



SUDDENLY MARTO'S HUGE HEAD  
FILLS THE TELE-SCREEN ...



HER MAJESTY REQUESTS  
YOU BRING THE  
PRISONER TO ME  
AS SOON AS  
YOU LAND!



LATER... IN THE  
SORCERESS'  
PALACE...

